

No. 6

AUGUST, 1937

# Detective COMICS

10¢



CREIG  
PLESSEL

# News!

No. 23

AUGUST, 1937

MORE

## FUN COMICS

10



here comes  
a  
champion!

TRIED!  
TESTED!  
PROVED!

AUGUST, 1937

VOL. I No. b

## DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

*Editor and Publisher*

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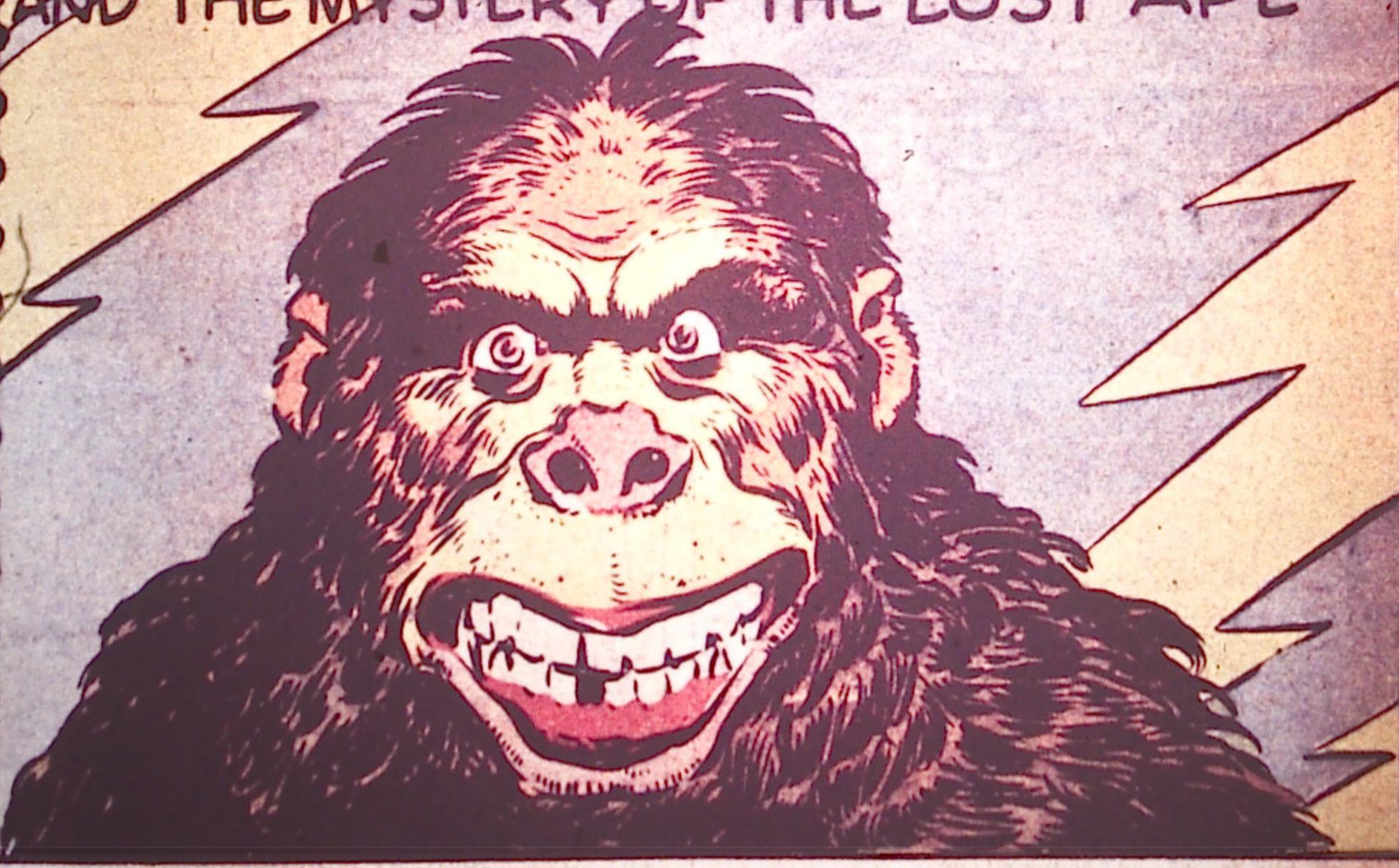
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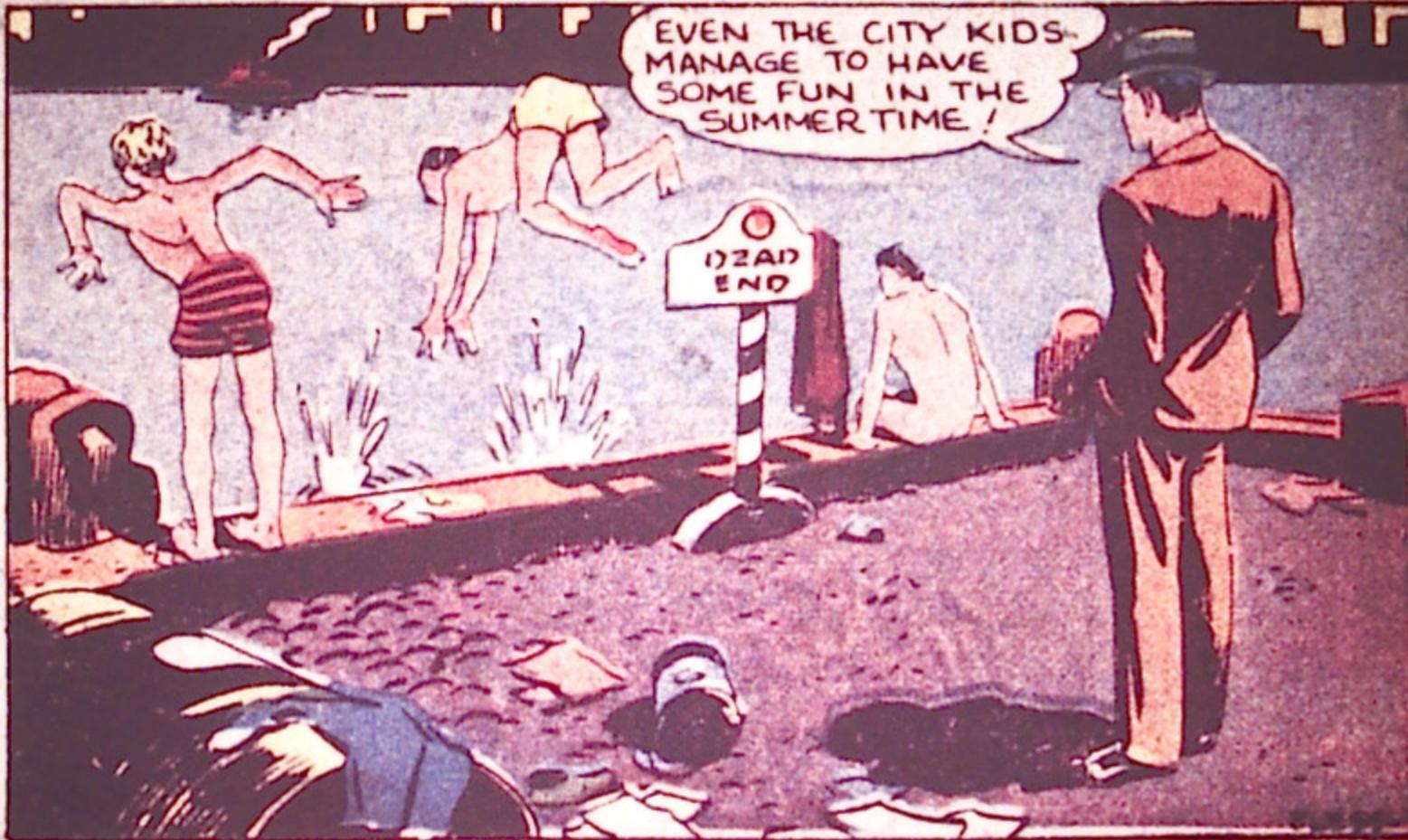
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# SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST APE •



SUMMER -----  
EVEN THE  
SORDID  
WATERFRONT  
OF THE BIG  
CITY SEEMS  
BRIGHT AND  
CHEERFUL  
TO THE EYE OF  
SPEED  
SAUNDERS,  
ACE SLEUTH  
OF THE  
HARBOR  
PATROL  
.....  
CRIME SEEMS  
VERY  
REMOTE .....

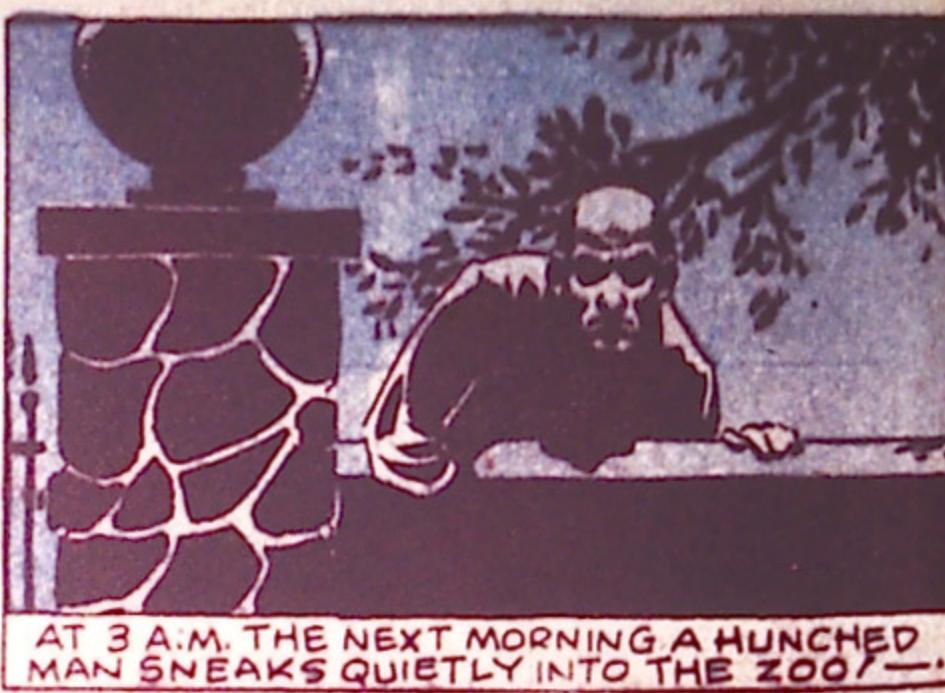


LOOK, BOYS, THERE COMES  
THE SCHOONER "KANAK"!  
IT JUST GOT BACK FROM  
A TRIP TO BORNEO!

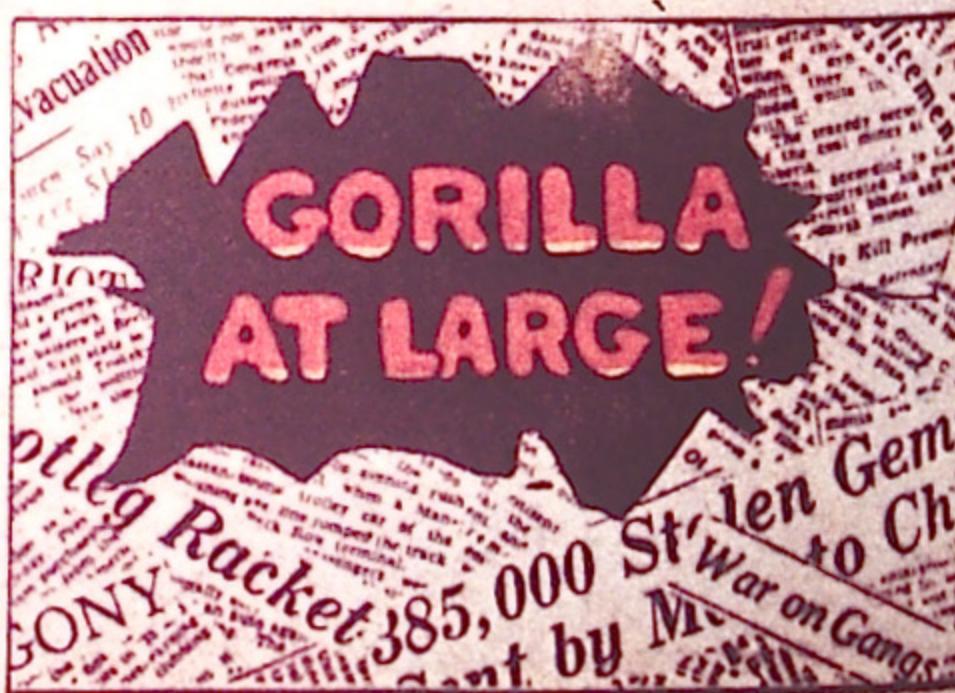
YEAH!  
THAT'S THE BOAT  
THAT IS BRINGING  
THE GORILLA,  
ISN'T IT?

LET'S GO DOWN AND  
WATCH THEM BRING  
IT ASHORE!

OH BOY!



AT 3 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING A HUNKED  
MAN SNEAKS QUIETLY INTO THE ZOO! —

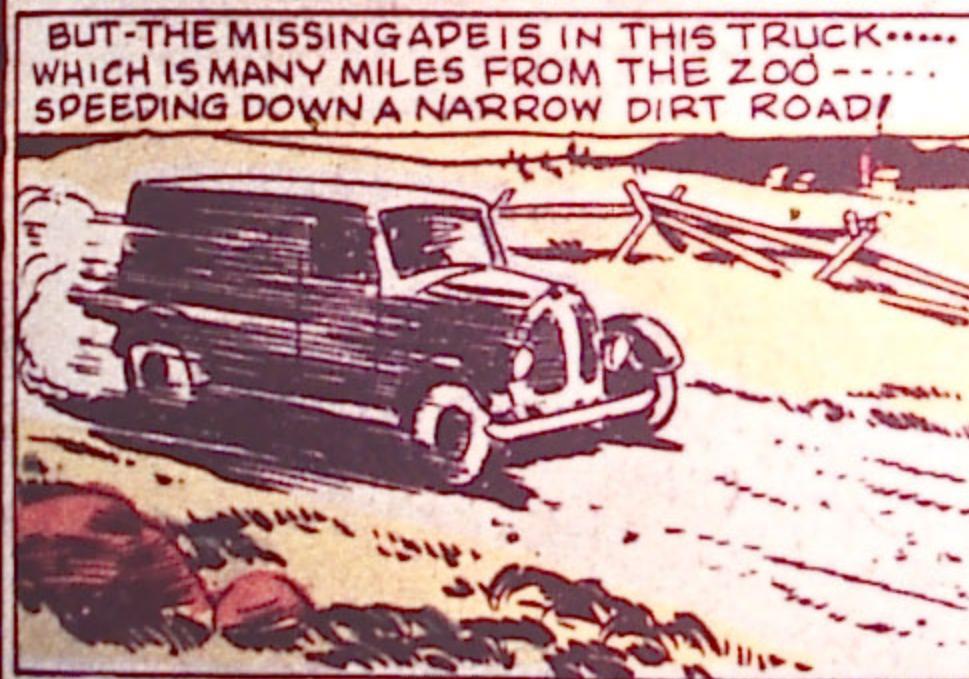


DID YOU HEAR ABOUT  
THE GIANT APE?

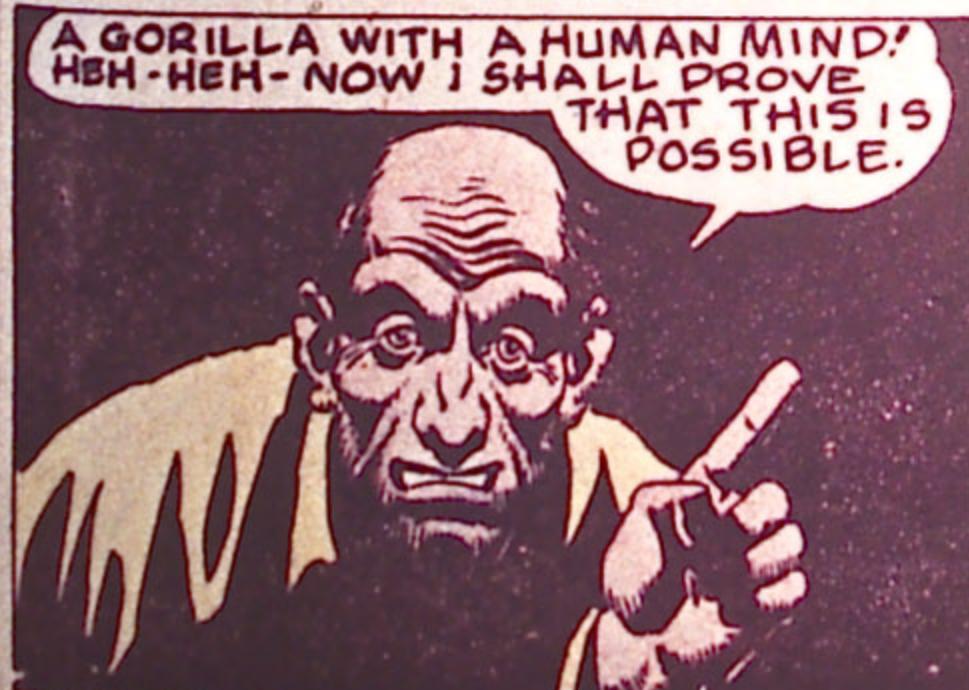
THE APE'S  
LOOSE!

OMIGOSH!  
HE ESCAPED  
THIS MORNING!!

VINCE  
MOVIE



THE DRUGGED APE IS TAKEN FROM THE TRUCK TO AN OLD FARM HOUSE. HERE  
IT IS PLACED ON A CRUDE TABLE, WHILE THE HUNCHE MAN AND HIS  
TWO ASSISTANTS PREPARE TO PERFORM AN OPERATION!!! - - - -





THE BLAST HURLES THE APE TO THE  
ROOFTOP OF A NEARBY BUILDING!



MEN HATE ME! - MUST I ALWAYS FIGHT  
THEM? - I'LL KILL THEM - ALL!!



THE BEWILDERED APE WANDERS BACK TO THE WATERFRONT — PIPPIPO



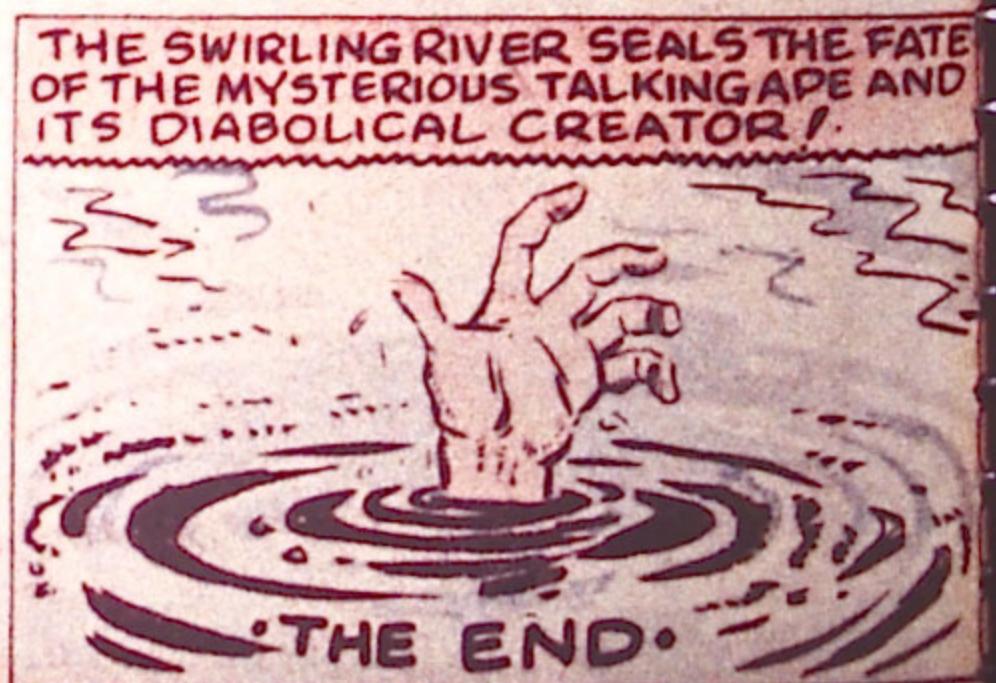
SPEED SAUNDERS WATCHES QUIETLY.

SPEED APPROACHES THE APE - THEN SLOWLY  
BACKS AWAY, LEADING IT INTO A TRAP!!





AND - THEN A SMALL HUNCHED MAN STEPS OUT OF THE CROWD!! -



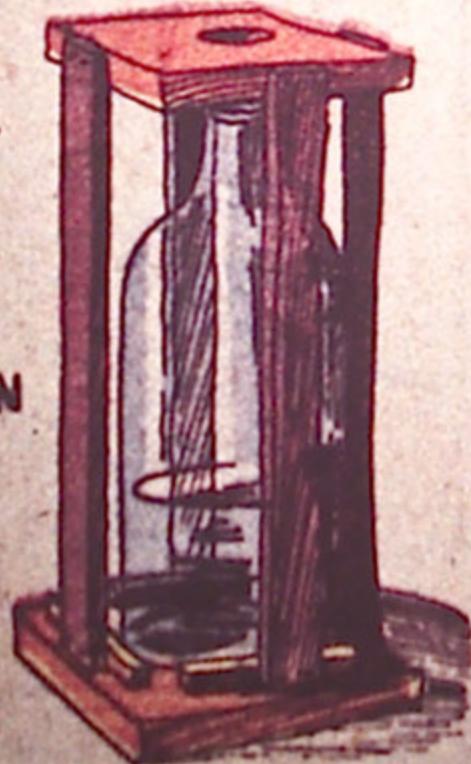
THE SWIRLING RIVER SEALS THE FATE OF THE MYSTERIOUS TALKING APE AND ITS DIABOLICAL CREATOR!

# THE LAW AT WORK

SPECIAL CAMERA WITH CHAIR FOR  
PHOTOGRAPHING PRISONERS



HOW A BOTTLE  
CARRYING FINGER-  
PRINTS IS PRO-  
TECTED DURING  
TRANSPORTATION



HOW A KNIFE CARRYING FINGER-  
PRINTS IS PROTECTED DURING  
TRANSPORTATION



HOW A PIECE  
OF GLASS  
CARRYING  
FINGERPRINTS  
IS PROTECTED  
DURING  
TRANSPORTATION



HOW A PISTOL CARRYING  
FINGERPRINT IS PROTECTED  
DURING TRANSPORTATION



# LARRY STEELE

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by

Will  
Georgi

LARRY STEELE, YOUNG PRIVATE DETECTIVE, HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED, ON RETURNING HOME, THAT HIS FATHER HAS LEFT BY PLANE FOR NEW YORK CITY WHERE HIS MOTHER HAS BEEN TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL - LARRY HAD ALREADY PLANNED A TRIP TO NEW YORK WITH HIS FRIEND BILL GRAHAM, PROMINENT HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER, TO FOLLOW UP THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF ANDRE DU BOIS, BILL'S LEADING MAN - TWO OTHER CELEBRITIES HAVE ALSO DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY - JOHNNIE WESTON, DIVING CHAMPION, AND KID RILEY, MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP - LARRY SUSPECTS KIDNAPPING AND FEELS THAT THESE DISAPPEARANCES MAY ALL LINK TOGETHER---

IF ANYBODY CALLS,  
MARIE, SAY THAT YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHERE  
I'VE GONE....

YES,  
MR. STEELE



BILL, MOTHER IS SICK IN  
NEW YORK - DAD IS ON  
HIS WAY THERE NOW!

CEE, THAT'S  
TOUGH, LARRY!

TOM'S A GOOD  
PILOT - IT WON'T  
TAKE US LONG

I HOPE NOT -  
I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT MOTHER!

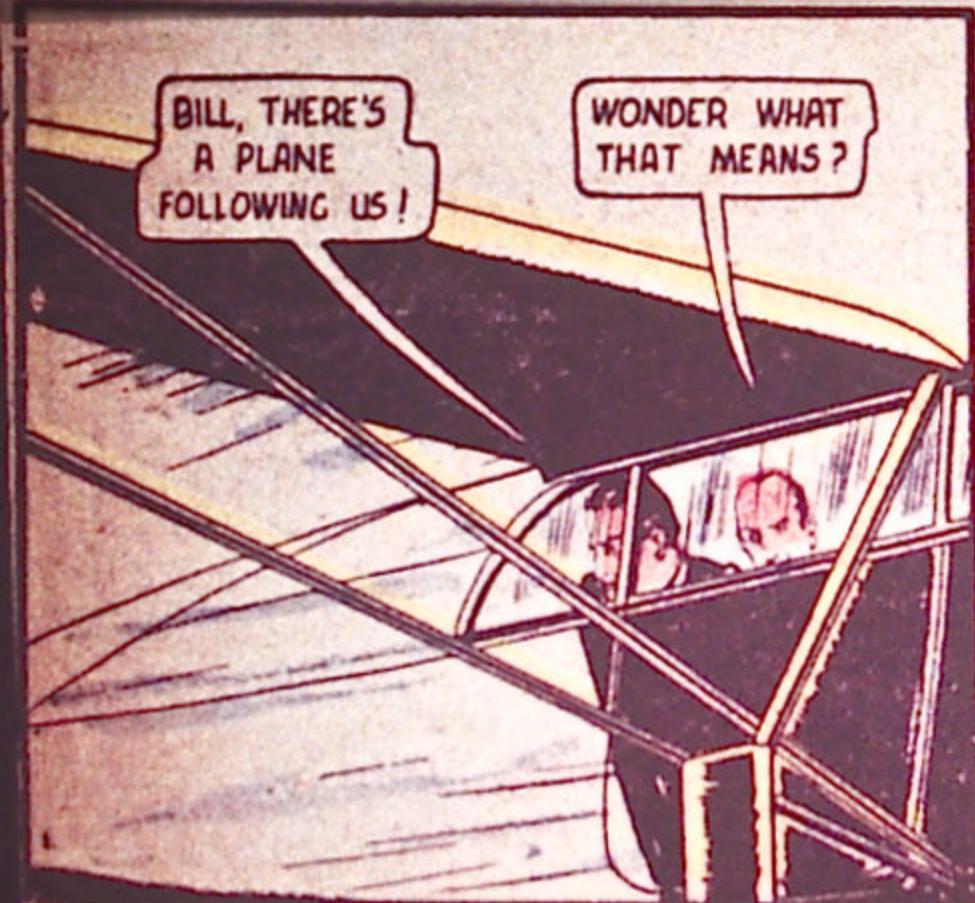


BILL, THERE'S  
A PLANE  
FOLLOWING US!

WONDER WHAT  
THAT MEANS?

GET CLOSER, THEN  
SWOOP DOWN ON THEM,  
DUTCH! I'LL CUT THEM  
TO RIBBONS!

RIGHT, SQUINTY!



BILL, THEY'VE GOT  
A MACHINE GUN!  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
RIDDLE US!

DIVE, TOM!  
TRY TO  
LOSE THEM!

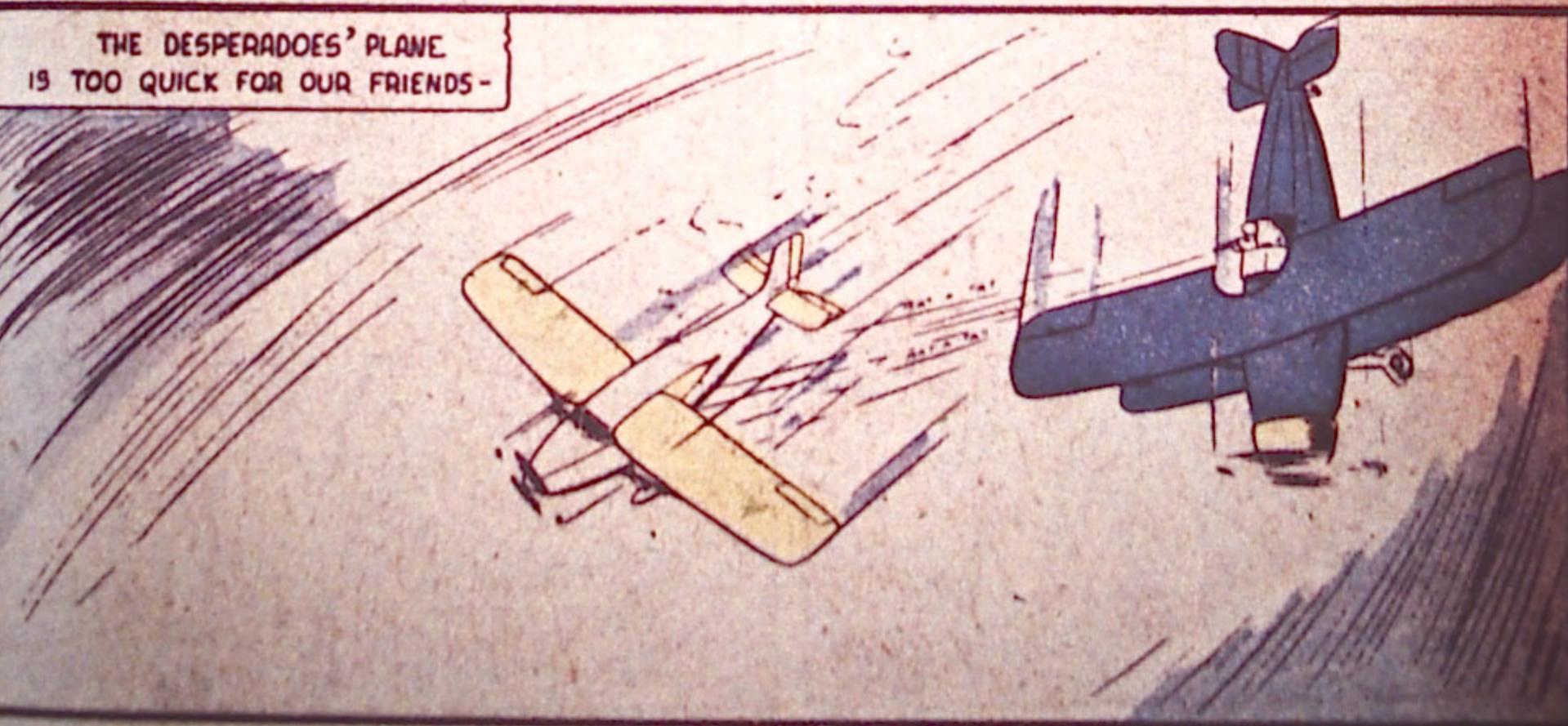


GIVE IT TO  
THEM, SQUINTY!

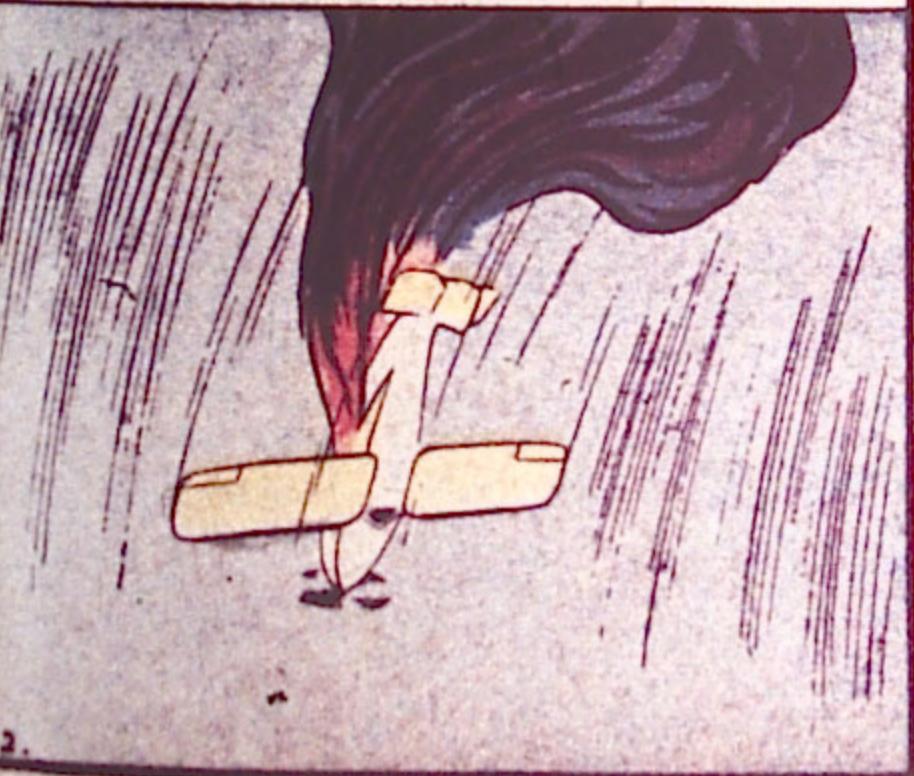
WATCH ME!



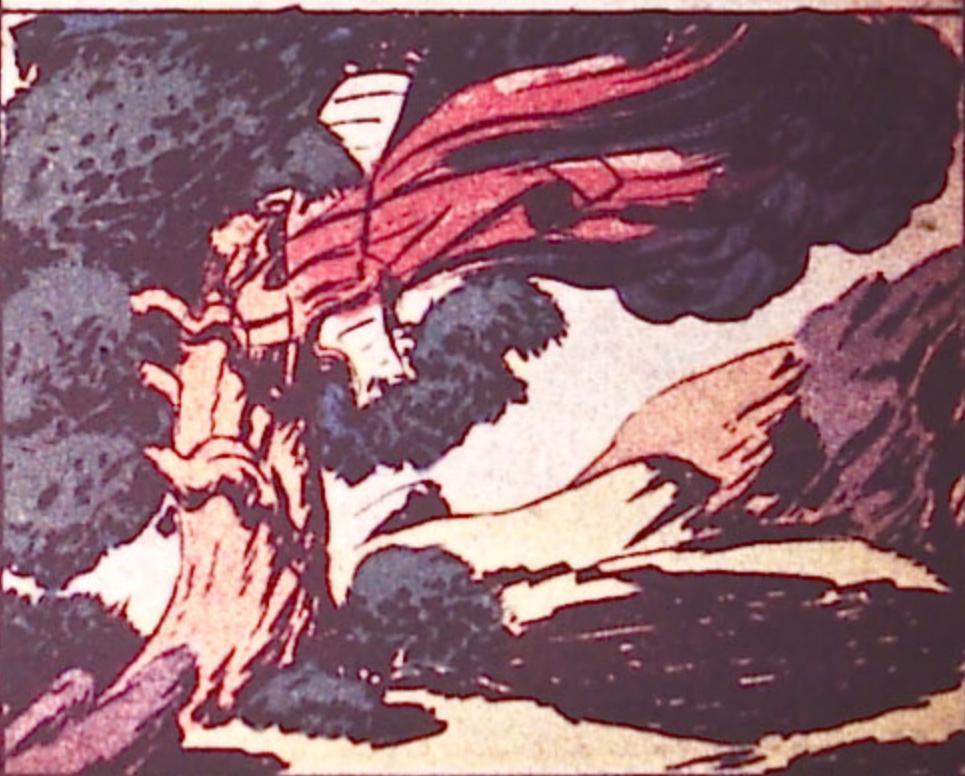
THE DESPERADOES' PLANE  
IS TOO QUICK FOR OUR FRIENDS -



BADLY RIDDLED, THE PLANE BURSTS INTO  
FLAMES AND SCREAMS INTO A DIZZY TAILSPIN -



THE PLANE'S CRASH IS PARTLY BROKEN  
BY A HUGE TREE -



LARRY AND TOM ARE ONLY SHAKEN UP, BUT BILL SEEMS TO BE BADLY HURT---



GUESS WE'LL RIDE  
PURTY EASY THERE-

THIS IS MIGHTY  
DECENT OF YOU, MISTER-

MISTER NUTHIN'  
CALL ME ZEKE - I'LL GET  
YOU TO TOWN AS FAST AS  
THIS OLD CRATE CAN MAKE IT

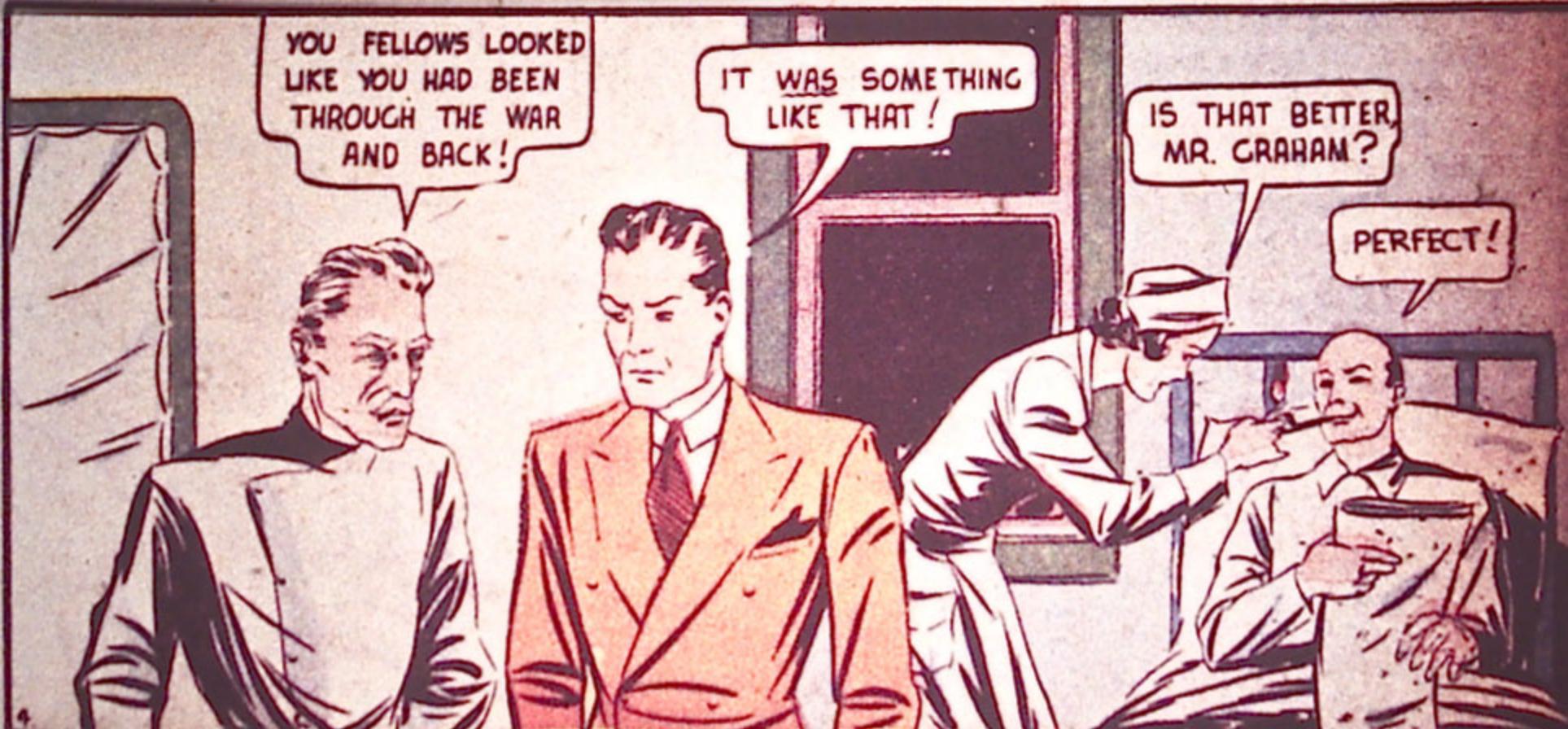


YOU FELLOWS LOOKED  
LIKE YOU HAD BEEN  
THROUGH THE WAR  
AND BACK!

IT WAS SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT!

IS THAT BETTER,  
MR. GRAHAM?

PERFECT!



HOW SOON CAN  
MR. GRAHAM  
GET UP, DOCTOR?

WE RECEIVED A BAD BUMP,  
MR. STEELE, BUT HE'LL BE ABLE  
TO GO IN THE MORNING —



TOM, LET'S GRAB A BITE—  
THERE'S NOTHING MORE  
WE CAN DO FOR BILL—

SUITS ME,  
LARRY



BUT, SQUINTY, COMIN'  
BACK HERE GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS - S'POSIN' SOMEONE  
SHOULD PICK UP OUR TRAIL!

PIPE DOWN, DUTCH!  
WE GOTTA BE SURE  
THIS JOB WAS  
DONE RIGHT!



HERE WE ARE - NOW WE'LL  
SEE WHAT'S WHAT!



WELL, I GUESS WE  
DID THIS JOB UP RIGHT!

YEH! JUST LIKE  
THE BOSS WANTED IT!  
NO CLUES OR NUTHIN'—





# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



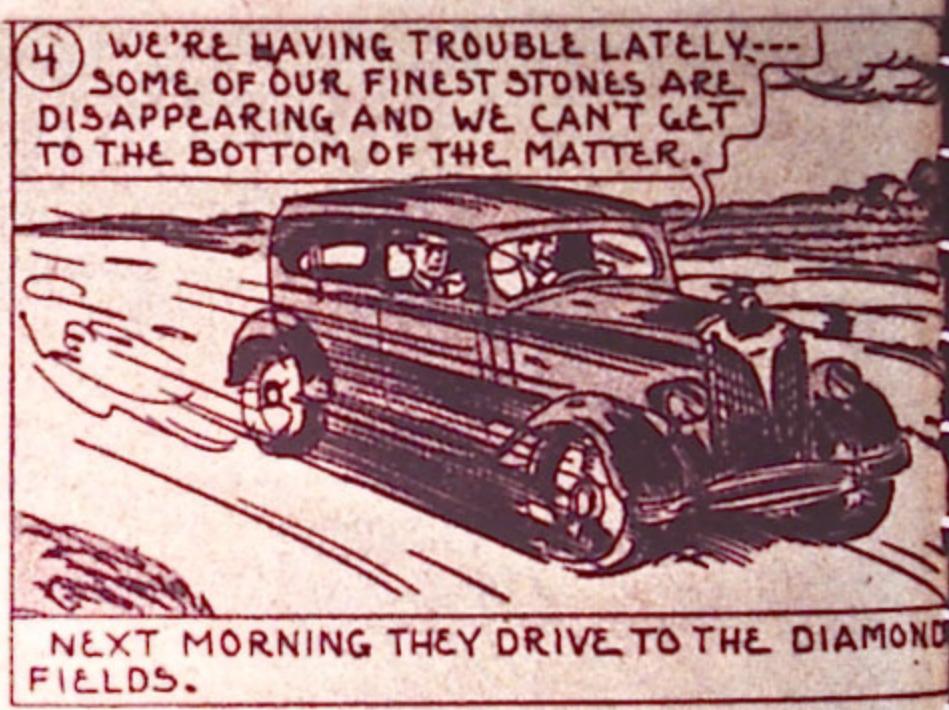
COSMO MOUNTS THE STEPS LEADING TO THE OFFICES OF THE SUPERIOR DIAMOND COMPANY, LTD. IN CAPE-TOWN, AFRICA.



1 HELLO THERE, BRUCE, OLD MAN--  
I'M ON MY WAY HOME FROM INDIA--  
WHY--COSMO! LITTLE SCRATCHES AND OLD  
WORLD BRINGS FRIENDS SHOULDN'T BE NEG-  
YOU HERE TO LECTED, YOU KNOW --- I  
AFRICA? SIMPLY HAD TO DROP  
IN TO SEE YOU ON THE  
WAY.



2 YOU MUST SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH ME, COSMO. I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE MINES AND TALK OVER OLD TIMES AGAIN.

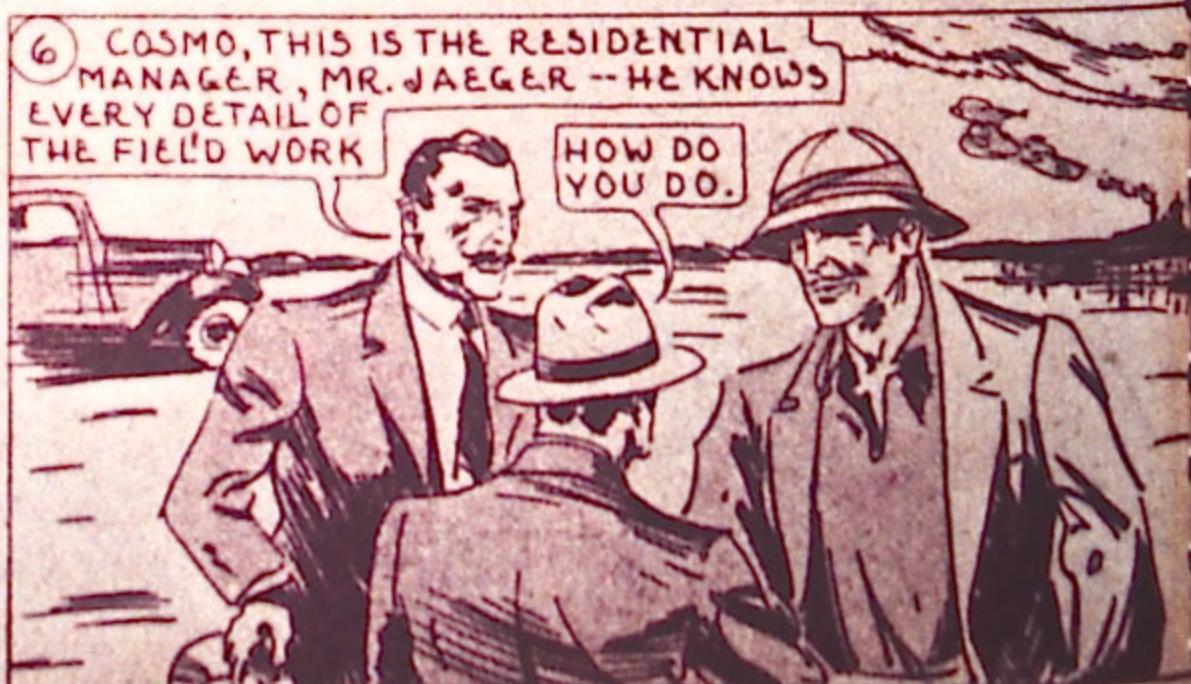


3 WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE LATELY--  
SOME OF OUR FINEST STONES ARE  
DISAPPEARING AND WE CAN'T GET  
TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MATTER.

4 NEXT MORNING THEY DRIVE TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS.



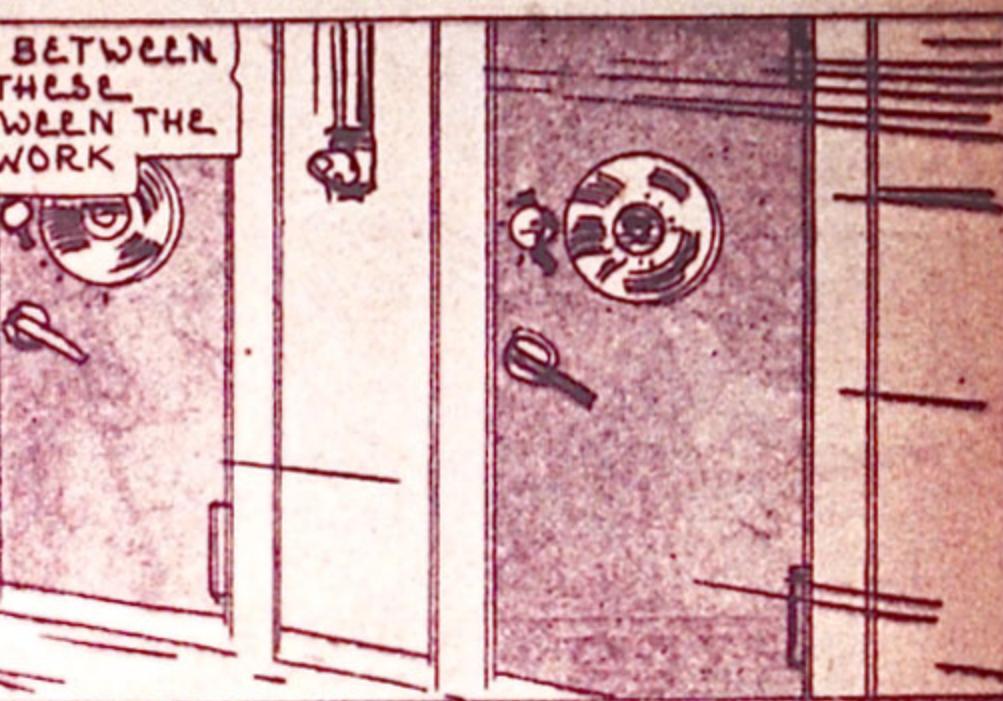
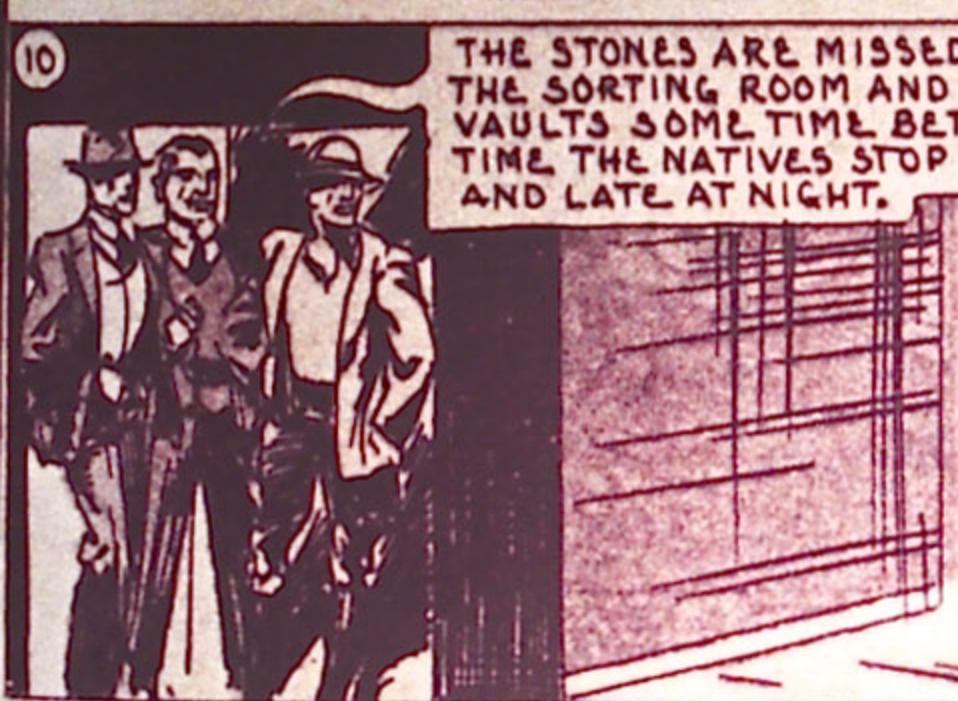
5 I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THE INVITATION BRUCE, IF YOU'LL LET ME NOSE AROUND A LITTLE BIT... THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING.



6 COSMO, THIS IS THE RESIDENTIAL  
MANAGER, MR. JAEGER -- HE KNOWS  
EVERY DETAIL OF  
THE FIELD WORK

HOW DO  
YOU DO.

7 THIS IS THE MAIN PIT WHERE MOST OF OUR DIAMONDS ARE TAKEN OUT --- EVERY STEP IS UNDER THE CLOSEST WATCH.



13 THAT'S QUITE AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF NATIVE WEAPONS AND THINGS YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER JAEGER.

OH, YES,--IT'S QUITE A HOBBY OF JAEGER, COLLECTING ALL SUCH STUFF, YOU KNOW.

AFTER THE TOUR OF INSPECTION, JAEGER INVITES THE TWO MEN FOR REFRESHMENTS AT HIS QUARTERS.

14 I'LL LOOK INTO THE CASE. BRUCE, BUT DON'T LET ANY ONE ON, LEST THEY BE ON GUARD.

COSMO AND BRUCE RETURN TO THE CITY.

15

COSMO PROCURES A SECOND-HAND SAILOR OUTFIT AND BACK IN HIS ROOM HE DEFTLY MAKES UP AS A WEATHER-BEATEN TRADER CAPTAIN.

16

HE SETS OUT FOR THE MORE QUESTIONABLE PARTS OF THE CITY.

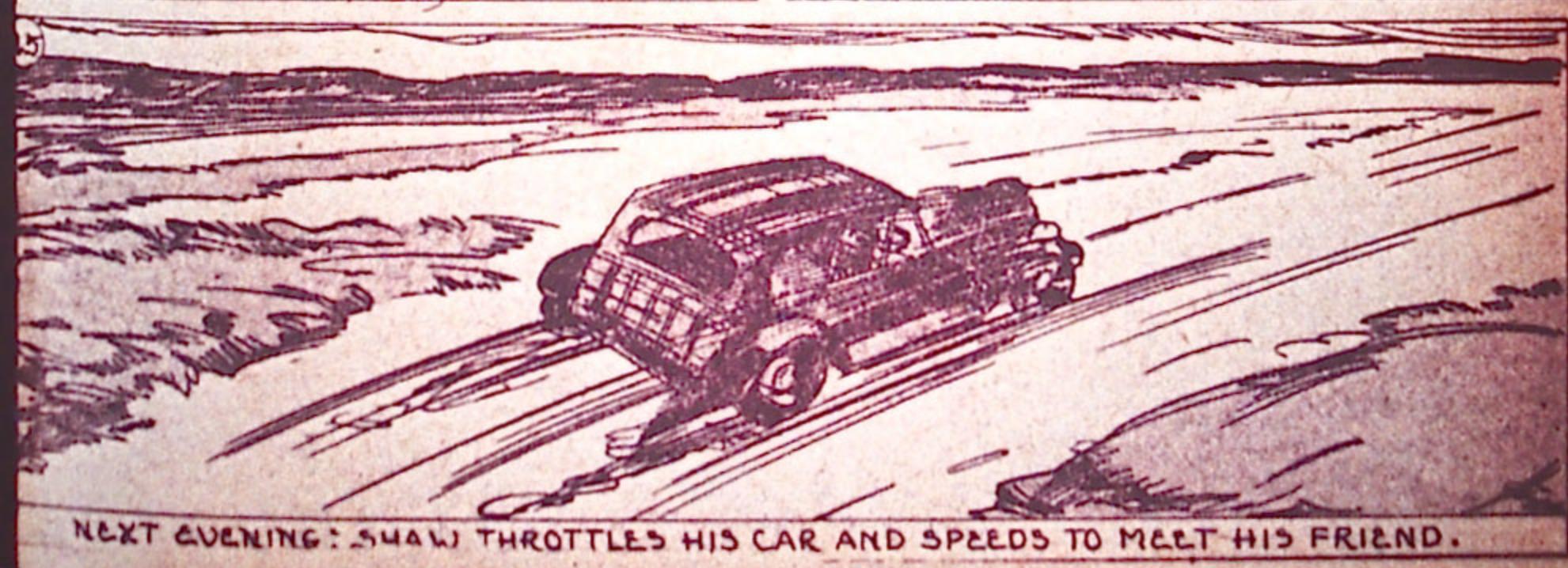
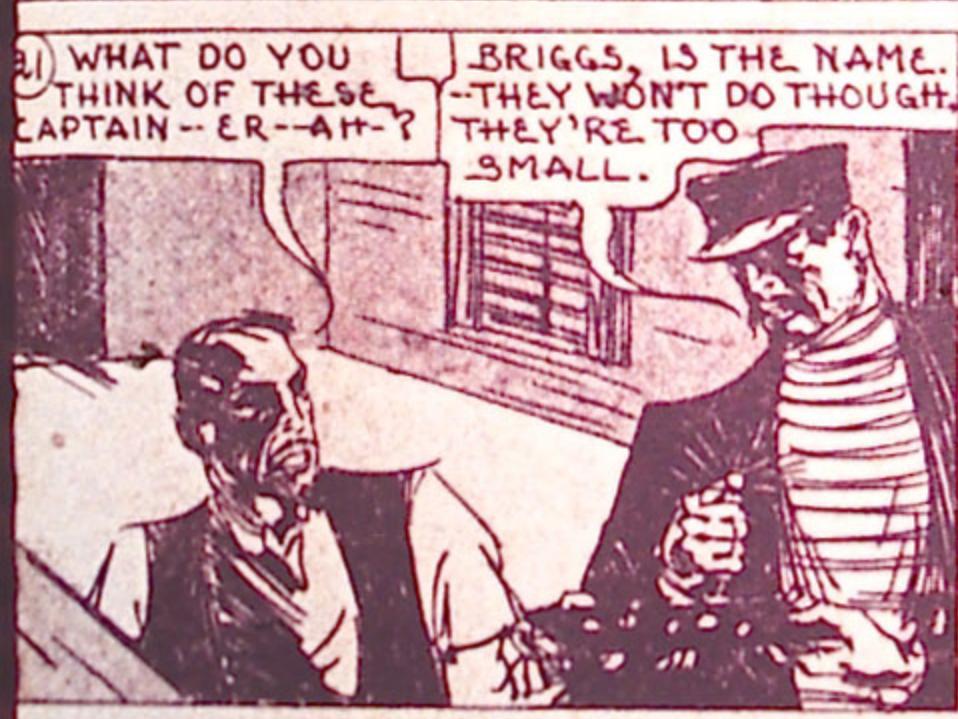
17

HE VISITS A NUMBER OF BARS AND GAMBLING JOINTS, OSTENSIBLY TO PICK UP SOME 'STONES' CHEAP.

18 SAY, LUNT! -- I'M LOOKING FOR SOME NICE 'ROCKS'. SOME ONE TOLD ME YOU HANDLE THEM. WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

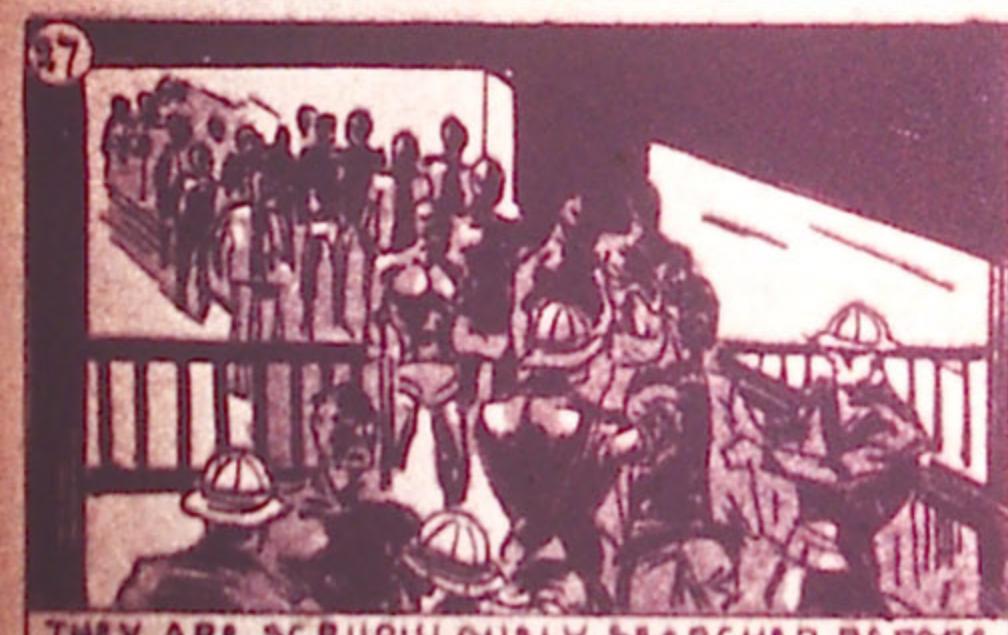
SHH,--NOT SO LOUD-- COME WITH ME UPSTAIRS. I THINK I CAN FIX YOU UP UP ON 'EM.

IN ONE 'ESTABLISHMENT' HE MEETS WITH THE DISTRUSTFUL LOOKING OWNER, LUNT, WHO CONFIDENTIALLY TELLS HIM HE MIGHT ACCOMMODATE HIM.





16 IT IS QUITING TIME; THE WHISTLE BLOWS AND THE WORKMEN COME FROM THEIR DIFFERENT POSTS.



17 THEY ARE SCRUPULOUSLY SEARCHED BEFORE LEAVING THE PREMISES.



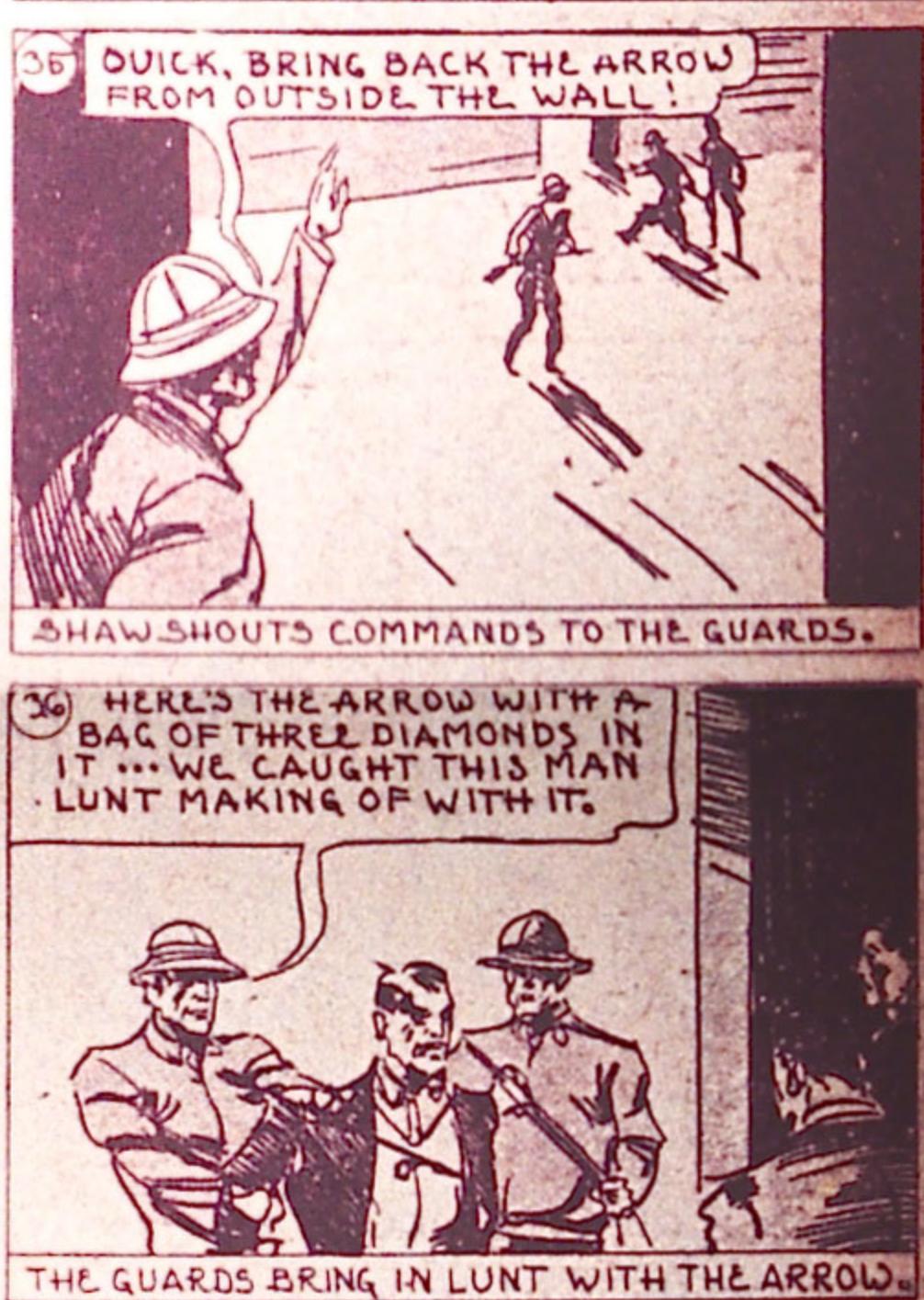
18 SOON THE MINE IS DESERTED WITH BUT A FEW GUARDS STATIONED OUTSIDE THE WALLS.



19 BRUCE SHAW AND COSMO ARRIVE AND WALK OVER TOWARD THE OFFICE BUILDING NEAR THE WALL ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE COMPANY PROPERTY.



20 AMAZED, THEY SEE AN ARROW FLYING OUT OVER THE WALL SURROUNDING THE PROPERTY.



# THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON.

by TOM HICKEY.

I REALLY DO APPRECIATE YOUR RISKING YOUR LIFE TO SAVE ME, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT FATHER. I'M SURE HE'S BEING HELD SOMEWHERE IN THIS AWFUL HOUSE.

BUT IT IS BETTER THAT WE GET OUT AND BRING HELP TO RESCUE HIM THAN TO REMAIN HERE AND ALL BE HELPLESS.

YES, I GUESS THAT IS THE MOST SENSIBLE THING. COME ON.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!



THEY MOVED SWIFTLY DOWN THE HALL TO THE DOOR LEADING TO THE SERVANTS' STAIRCASE.

OKAY, THE COAST IS CLEAR.



THEY ARRIVED IN THE SMALL HALL BELOW WITHOUT SEEING ANYONE, AND PIOTRONING HER TO REMAIN IN THE STAIRCASE HE MOVED FORWARD TO THE MAIN HALLWAY AND GAZED UP AND DOWN ITS LENGTH.

THE WAY WAS CLEAR AND HE TURNED AND DECKONED TO SIGRID, ONLY TO FIND HER SHRINKING BACK AGAINST THE WALL, FACE UPURNED TOWARD THE STAIRWAY.

I'M GETTING NERVOUS.  
THINGS ARE GOING TOO SMOOTHLY!

5

6

SOMEONE'S COMING DOWN  
THE STAIRS.

DUCK AROUND  
THE CORNER INTO THE HALL,  
QUICK!

7

8



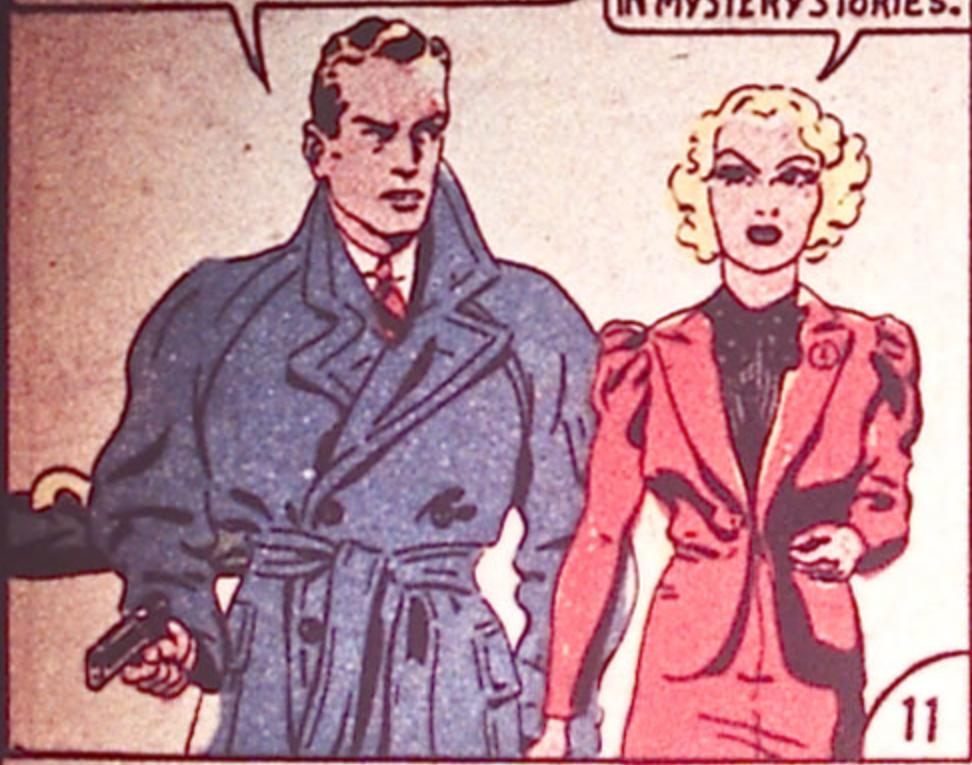
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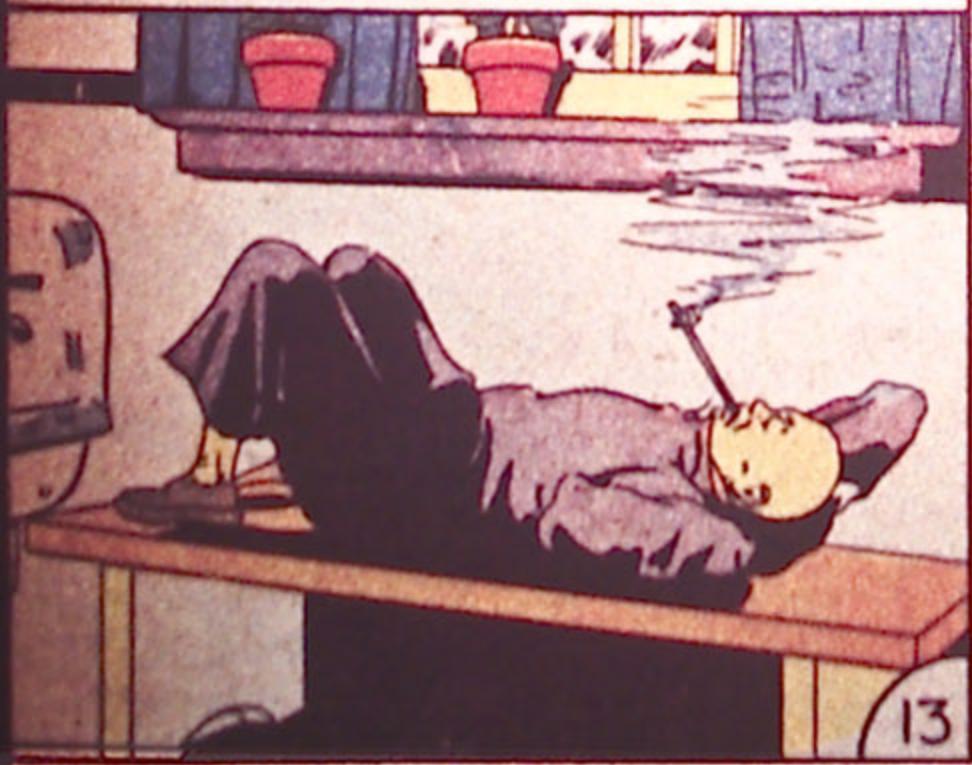
10

I GUESS THAT TOOK CARE  
OF HIM. COME ON, WE'LL TRY AND  
GET OUT THRU THE KITCHEN.

I THOUGHT  
EXPERIENCES LIKE  
THESE ONLY HAPPENED  
IN MYSTERY STORIES.



THEY BOLDLY PUSHED FORWARD INTO THE KITCHEN.  
THE CHINESE LOOKED UP AT THEM DULLY, THEN CLOSED  
HIS EYES.

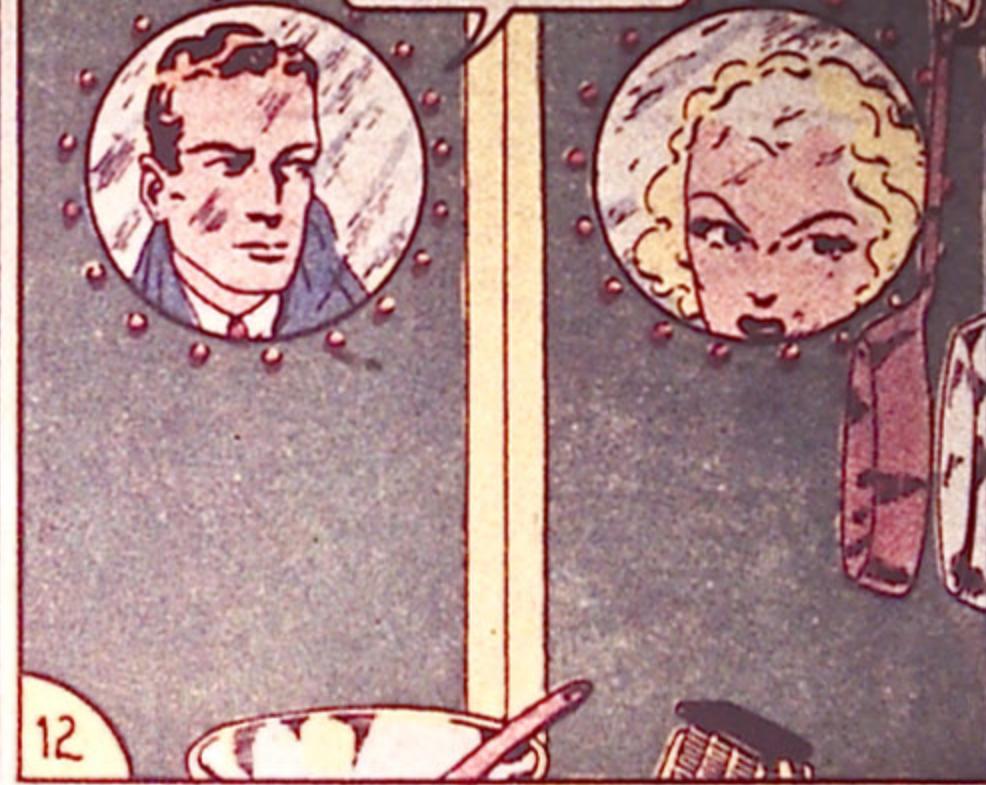


THEY REACHED THE CELLAR DOOR SAFELY AND THEN  
GROPED THEIR WAY DOWN INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS.

LET ME GO FIRST.  
IT'S TREACHEROUS HERE.



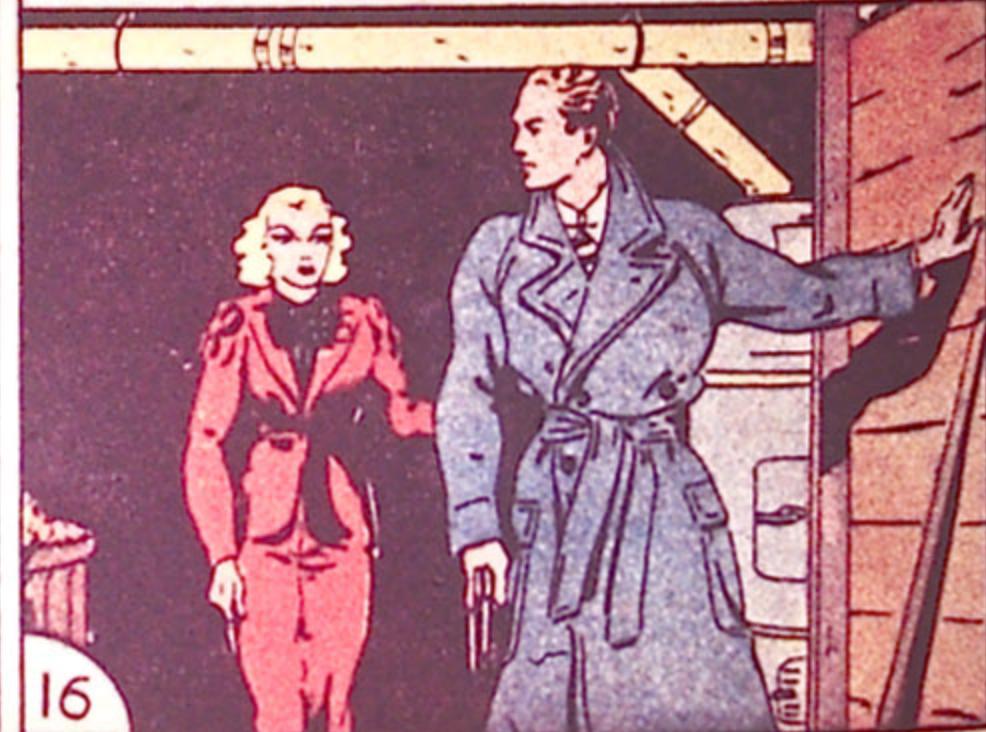
THERE'S A FELLOW LYING ON A BENCH  
WITH AN OPIUM PIPE IN HIS MOUTH. I THINK  
HE'S IN A STUPOR.



JUST AS THEY REACHED THE KITCHEN DOOR THEY  
HEARD FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING ON THE GRAVEL  
PATH OUTSIDE.



ALL WAS SILENT BELOW THEM, AND PICKING HIS  
WAY CAREFULLY, HE LED HER THROUGH THE DARKNESS  
TOWARD THE OUTSIDE DOOR BY WHICH HE HAD ENTERED  
THE HOUSE.



WHEN HE CAME TO APPROXIMATELY THE PLACE WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE BODY OF THE FIRST DEAD CHINESE HE REACHED OUT CAUTIOUSLY WITH HIS FOOT, BUT IT HAD BEEN REMOVED SINCE HIS ARRIVAL.

HMM! IT'S GONE.

WHAT'S GONE?

NOTHING. I'M JUST MUMBLING TO MYSELF.

REACHING THE OUTSIDE CELLAR DOOR HE OPENED IT CAUTIOUSLY AND PEERED OUT.

THE COAST IS CLEAR.  
COME ON!

17

18

SUDDENLY THE COLD MUZZLE OF A GUN WAS SHOVED CLOSE TO HIS FACE.

HERE HE IS!

REACH FOR THE STARS,  
AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

STUCCHI!  
IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE BLUNDERED AGAIN.

元亨

19

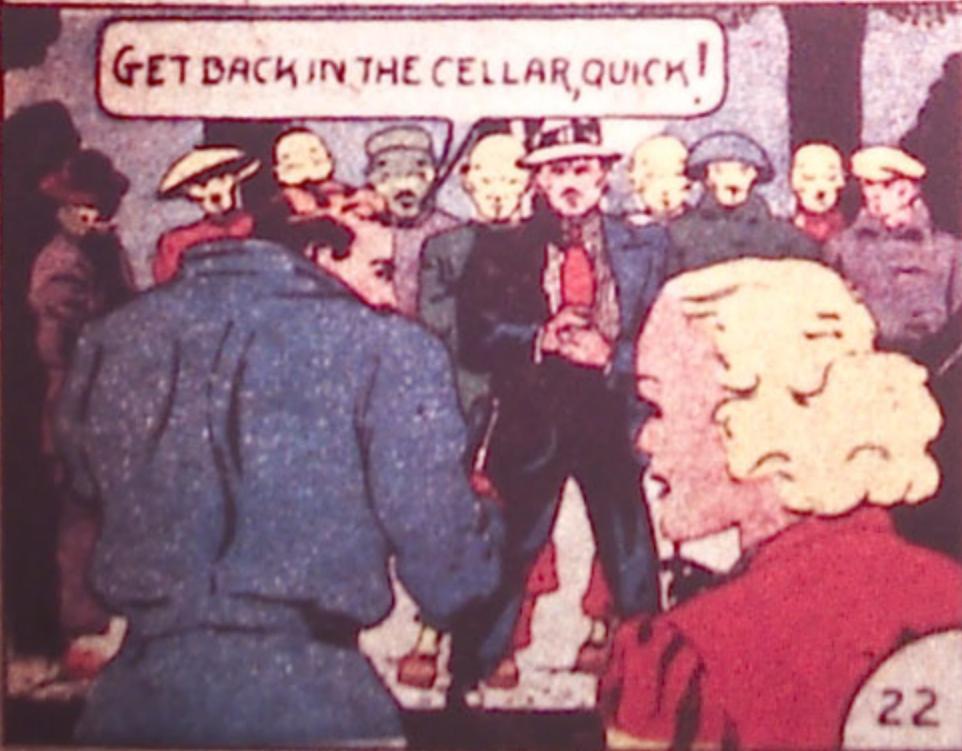
NELSON WAS DESPERATE. WITH NOTHUGHT OF THE DANGER INVOLVED, HIS FIRST MOTION WAS AN INSTINCTIVE UPWARD JERK OF HIS ARM WHICH SHOVED THE BARREL ABOVE HIS HEAD.



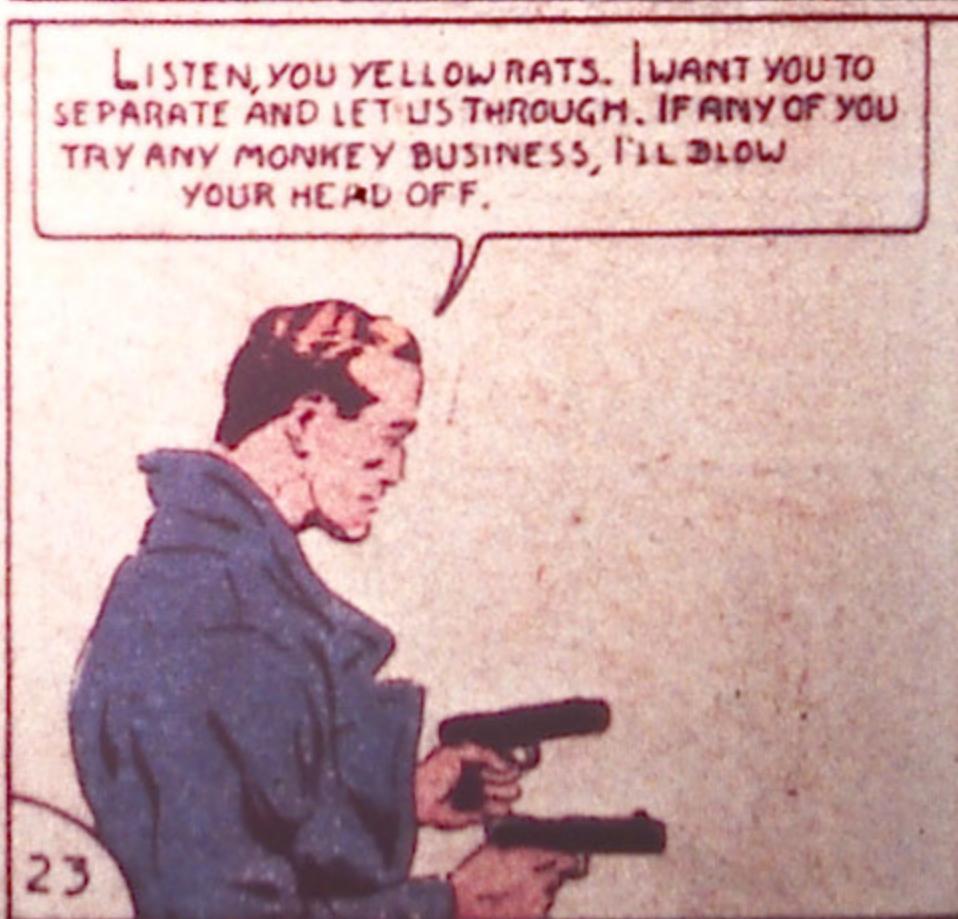
THEN HE BROUGHT THE BUTT OF HIS OWN GUN DOWN HARD ON STUCCHI'S WRIST.



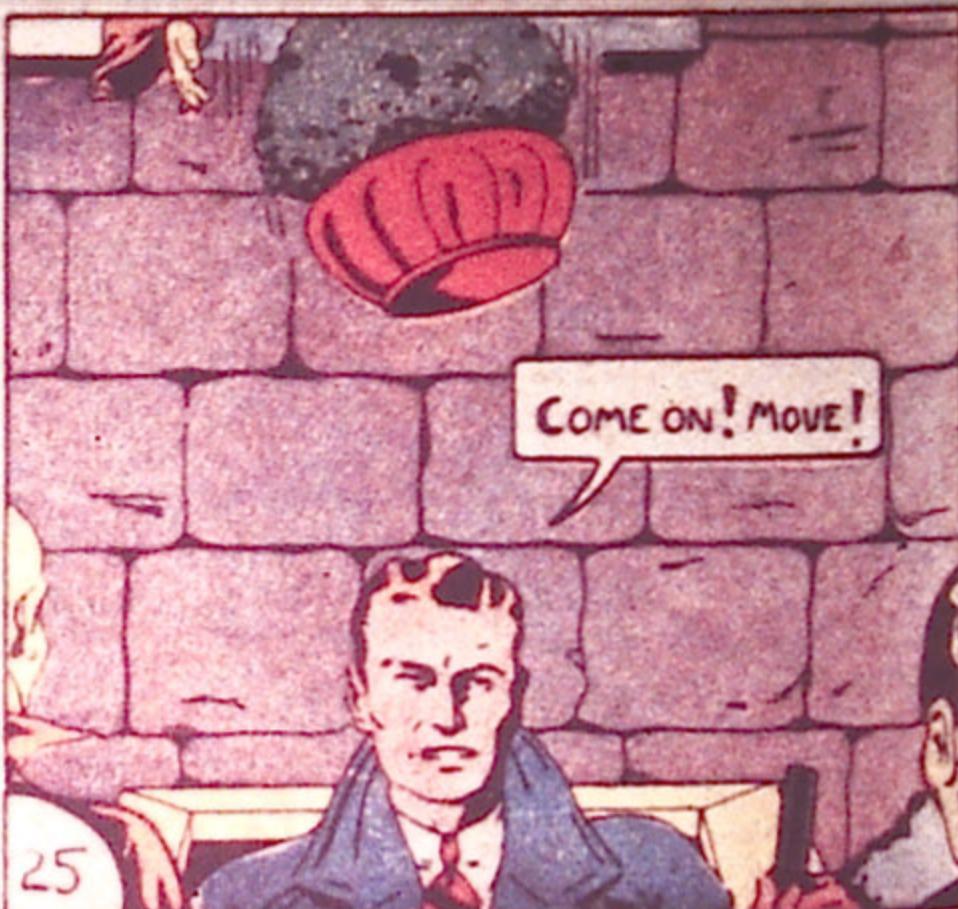
STUCCHI LET OUT A YELP OF PAIN AND STUMBLEDBACKWARDS. NELSON STOOPED QUICKLY AND RECOVERED THE DROPPED GUN.

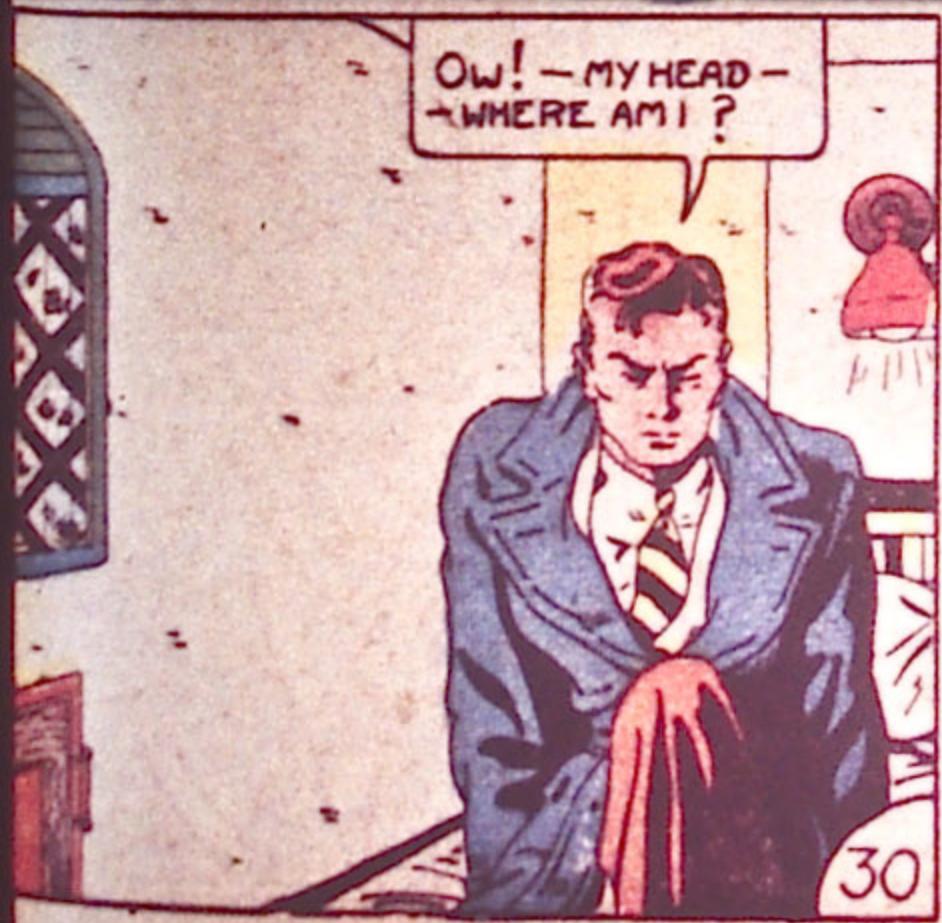
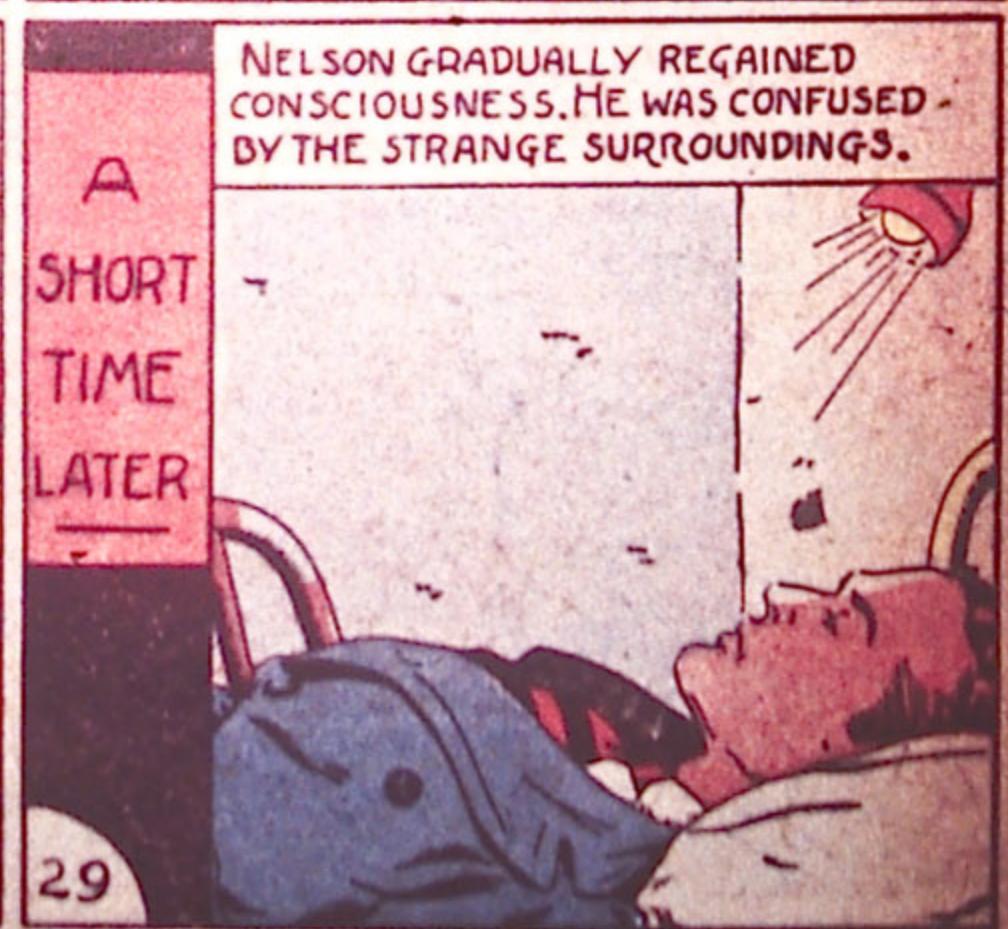
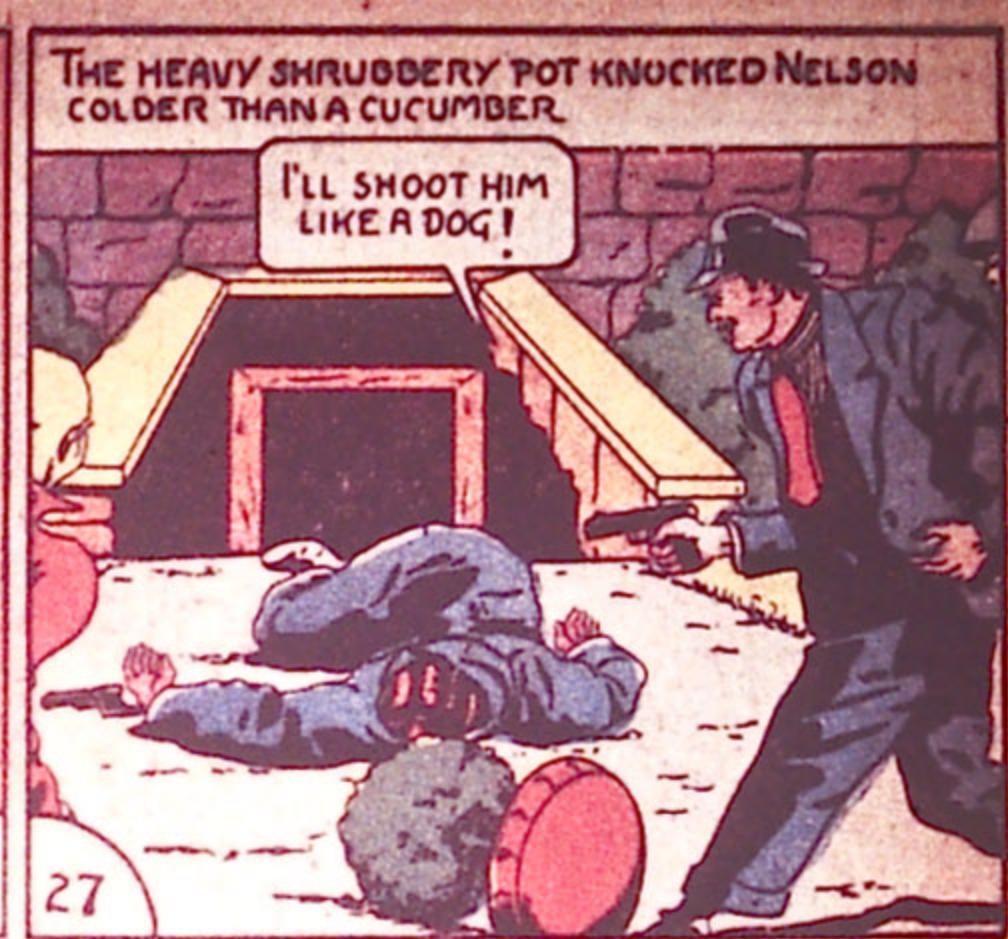


LISTEN, YOU YELLOW RATS. I WANT YOU TO SEPARATE AND LET US THROUGH. IF ANY OF YOU TRY ANY MONKEY BUSINESS, I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF.



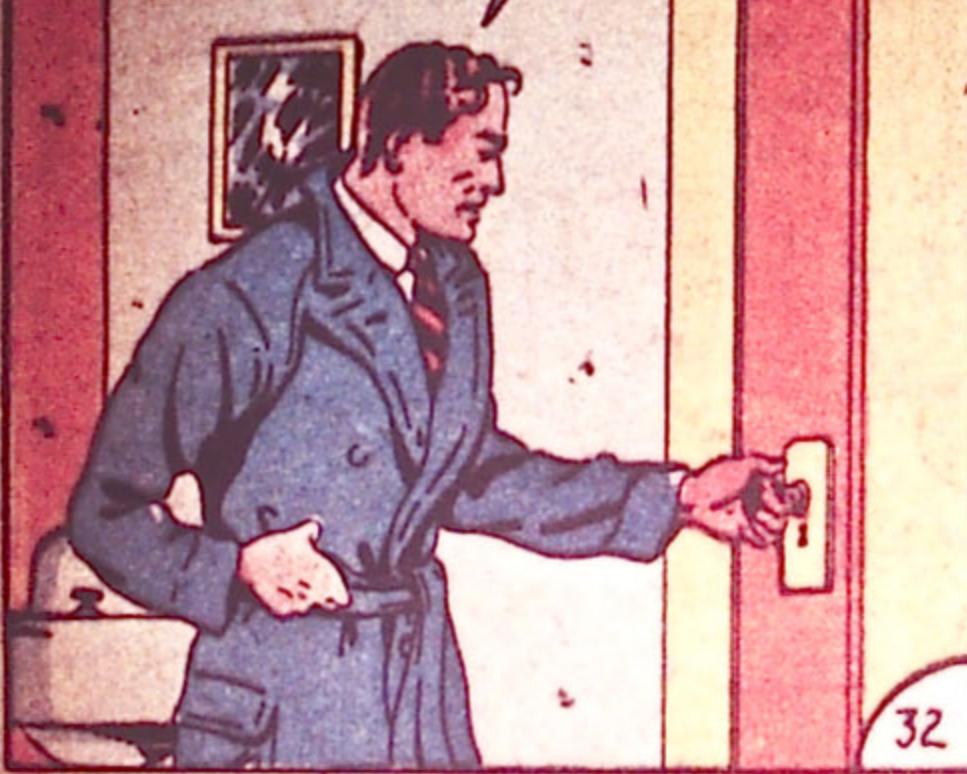
SO INTENT WAS NELSON ON THE GROUP IN FRONT OF HIM, THAT HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT A WINDOW ABOVE WAS CAUTIOUSLY OPENED.





LOCKED! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT.

NO ESCAPE FROM HERE. IT'S TOO HIGH.  
THIS MUST BE A SERVANT'S ROOM IN THE  
ATTIC.



IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEN THAT HE NOTICED THAT HIS GOLD RING WITH ITS JADE SETTING OF THE SEVEN CLAWED DRAGON'S FOOT WAS GONE FROM HIS FINGER.

I WONDER WHAT THEIR IDEA WAS IN TAKING THAT?



THERE CAME THE SOFT PAD OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL.  
THE KEY TURNED IN THE LOCK AND THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN.

AH! VISITORS. COME  
RIGHT IN. MAKE YOURSELF  
AT HOME.

YOU! - COME!



OUTSIDE THE DOOR STOOD A SECOND ARMED CHINESE.

I SEE YOU BROUGHT A FRIEND.  
CHEERFUL LOOKING FELLOW.



THEY DESCENDED A NARROW, DUSTY STAIRCASE TO  
THE SECOND FLOOR.



HE GLANCED AT THE DOOR OF THE ROOM FROM WHICH HE HAD RESCUED THE GIRL. IT WAS CLOSED AND AN ARMED CHINESE STOOD BEFORE IT. SIGRID VON HOLTZENDORFF WAS EVIDENTLY A PRISONER AGAIN.



REACHING THE FIRST FLOOR, HE WAS LED TO A ROOM SO RICHLY FURNISHED, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ROOM OF A WEALTHY MANDARIN IN PEKIN OR CANTON.



A TALL IMPRESSIVE LOOKING CHINESE SAT BEFORE AN IVORY INLAID TABLE.



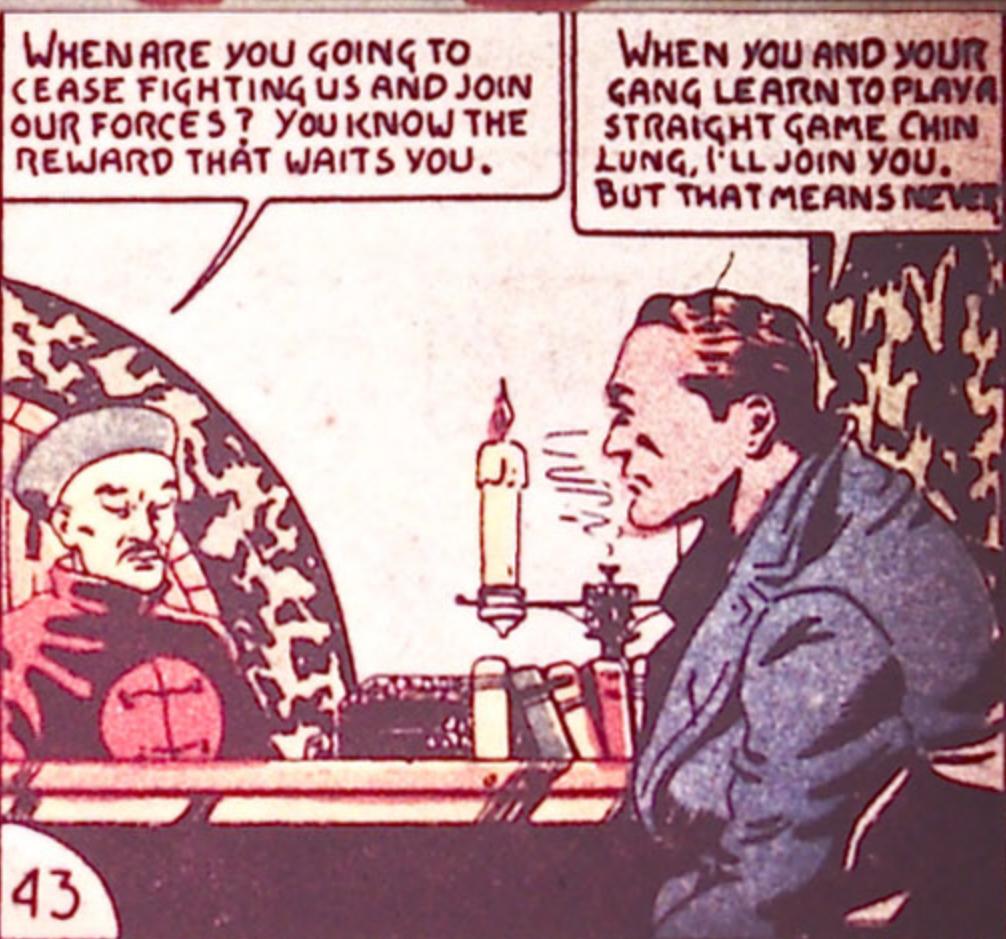
NELSON WAS OF NO MIND TO STAND WHILE THIS MAN SAT, AND CALMLY PULLED UP A CHAIR AND SAT DOWN.



WE - AH - SEEM TO HAVE A BIT OF WORKING INOPPOSING CAMPS.



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO CEASE FIGHTING US AND JOIN OUR FORCES? YOU KNOW THE REWARD THAT WAITS YOU.



THE FACE OF THE CHINESE DID NOT CHANGE  
EXPRESSION IN THE SLIGHTEST, BUT HIS EYES  
WINKED HARD.

THERE ARE WAYS OF SECURING  
YOUR COOPERATION, AND YOU  
KNOW FROM PREVIOUS  
EXPERIENCE THAT LU GONG  
IS NOT A MAN WITH WHOM  
TO TINKLE.

AND LU GONG KNOWS FROM PREVIOUS  
EXPERIENCE WITH ME THAT I AM NOT TO BE  
TRIFLED WITH. — I NOTICE YOUR PEOPLE WENT  
TO THE TROUBLE OF TAKING MY RING.

44

45

A SHADOW OF ANGER PASSED ACROSS THE FACE OF  
THE CHINESE.

IT WAS ONLY A COPY.

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I  
WOULD BE FOOL ENOUGH  
TO CARRY THE ORIGINAL  
AROUND WITH ME, DO YOU?

46

47

TELL THE HONORABLE MASTER  
THAT WE RESPECTFULLY AWAIT  
HIS PRESENCE.

THE

THEY SAT THERE, THOSE TWO, THE IMPASSIVE CHINESE  
AND THE INDIFFERENT AMERICAN, WAITING FOR THE  
PRESENCE OF THE LEADER OF THESE SILENT MEN.

48

49

FINALLY HE HEARD VOICES APPROACHING FROM THE STAIRCASE. ONE STOOD OUT ABOVE THE OTHERS. IT WAS A DEEP, RICH, VIBRANT TONE SPEAKING IN MANDARIN.



50

AT THE SAME INSTANT THERE CAME A SHOUT FROM SOMEONE OUT IN THE GROUNDS. A SHOT FOLLOWED HARD UPON THIS, SUCCEEDED IN QUICK SUCCESSION BY THE SHORT CRACK OF SEVERAL EXPLOSIONS.



52

NEARER AND NEARER CAME THE EXPECTED ADDITION TO THE PARTY. THEY WERE ALMOST AT THE DOOR AND NELSON LOOKED UP TO WATCH THEIR ENTRY WHEN SOMEONE CALLED FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

AH!-THE EXECUTIONERS APPROACH.



51

FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE THAT SILVER GONG COMMENCED ITS INSISTANT WARNING NOTE AND THERE WAS A QUICK RUSH OF FEET AND THE SCURVING OF MANY MEN OUTSIDE.



53

IT LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE IS PINCHED. YOU HAD BETTER SCREAM CHIN LUNG.



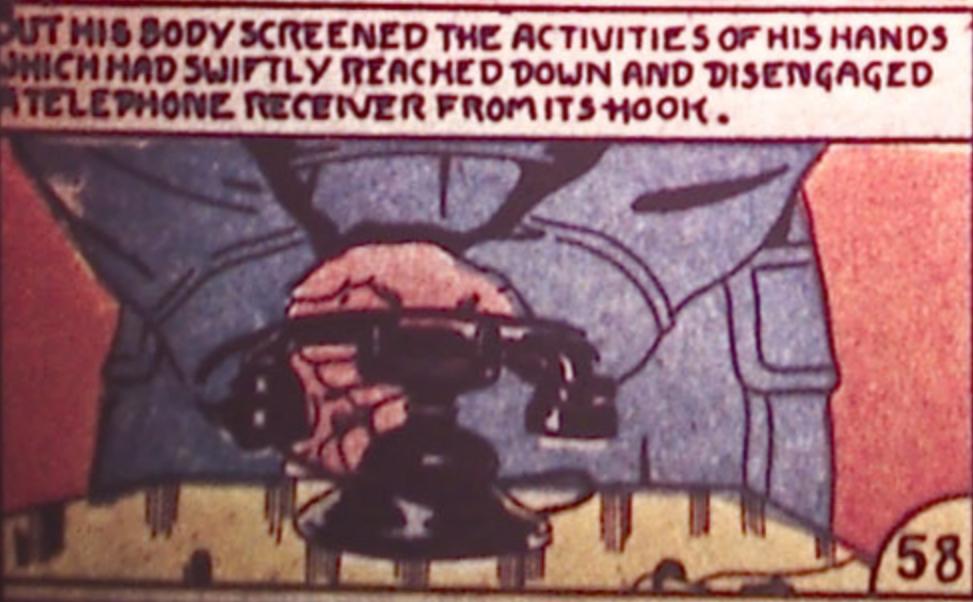
54

DON'T LEAVE THIS DOORWAY! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRISONER! IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE SHOOT TO KILL!

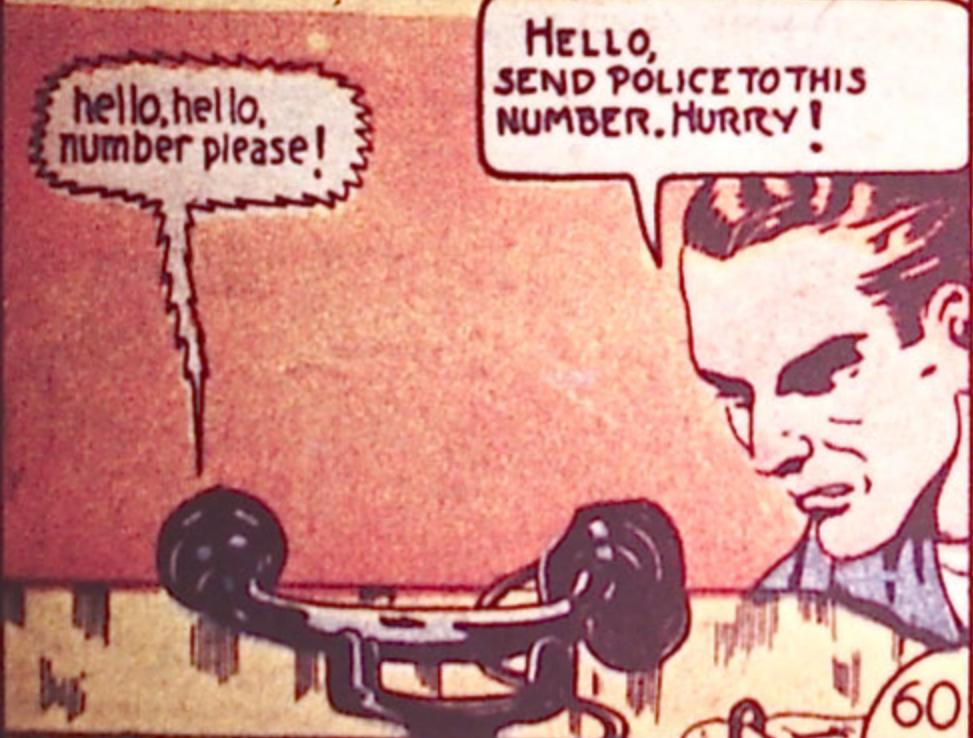


55

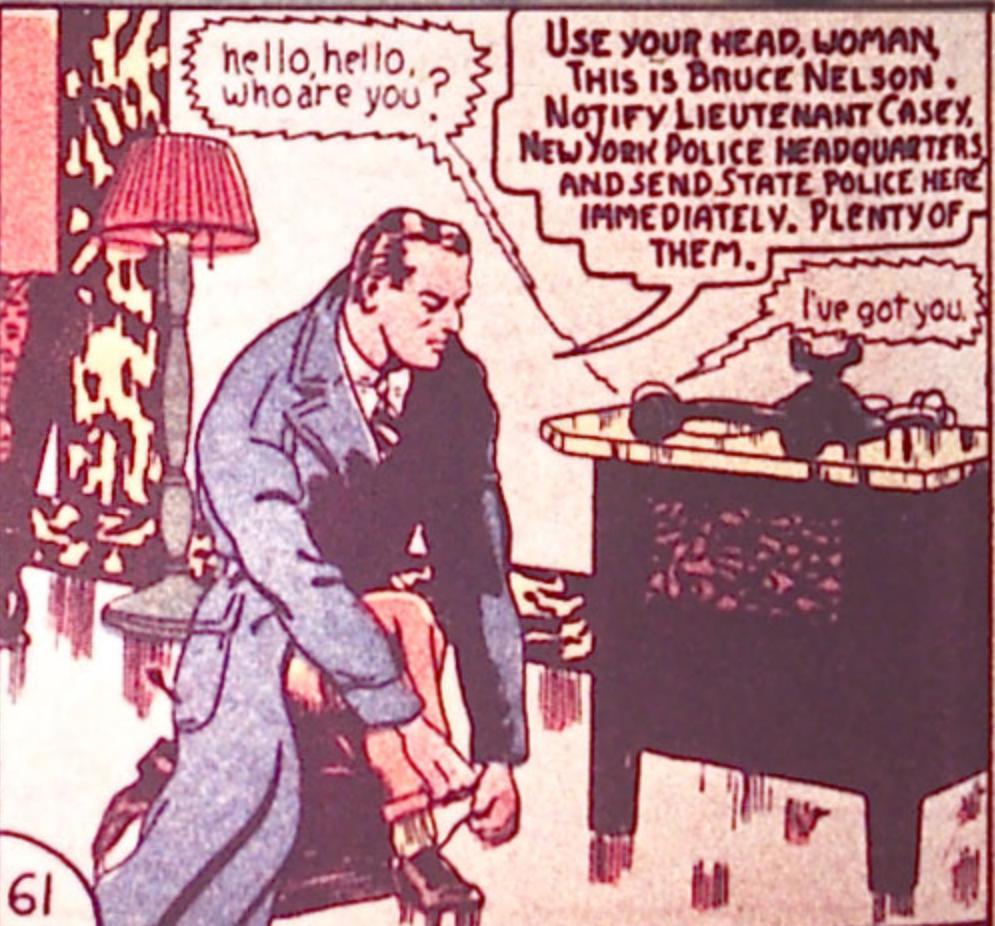
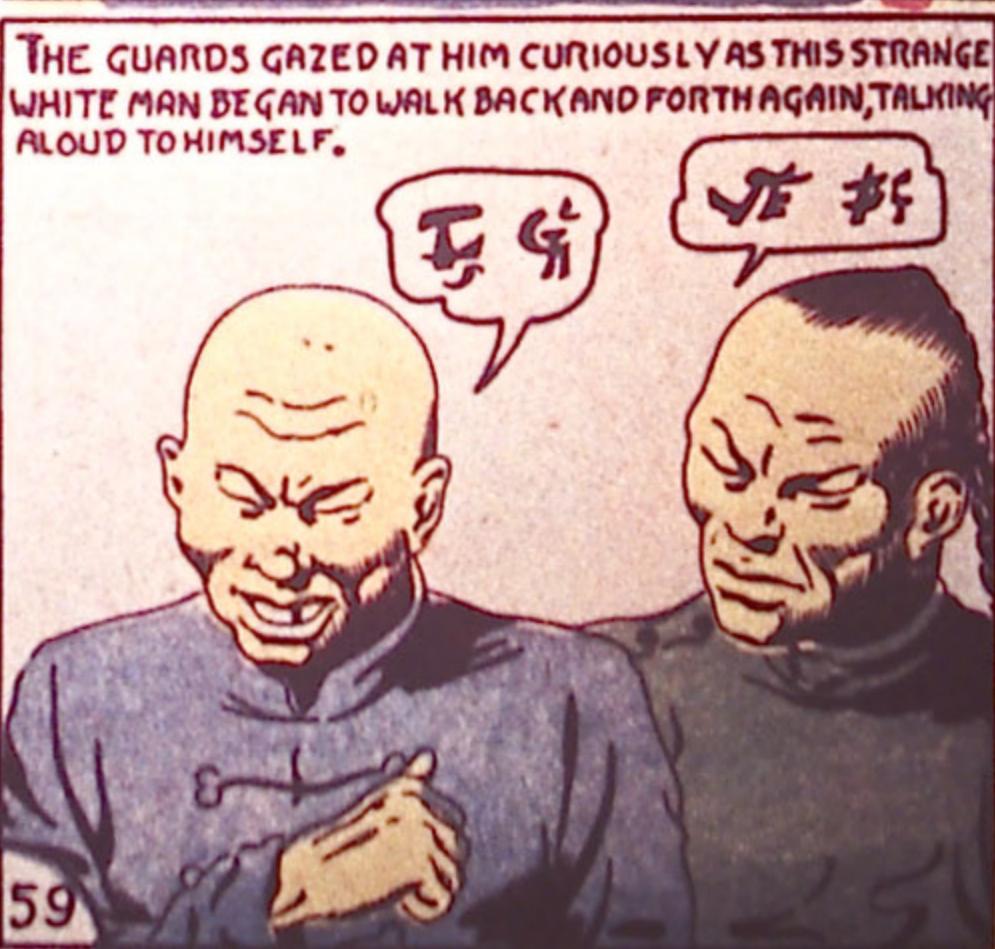
DOWN THE HALLWAY THE EXCITEMENT WAS INCREASING BUT THE SHOOTING HAD STOPPED. UNDER THE CLOSE SCRUTINY OF THE GUARDS, NELSON STARTED TO FACE THE FLOOR.



BUT HIS BODY SCREENED THE ACTIVITIES OF HIS HANDS WHICH HAD SWIFTLY REACHED DOWN AND DISENGAGED THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER FROM ITS HOOK.



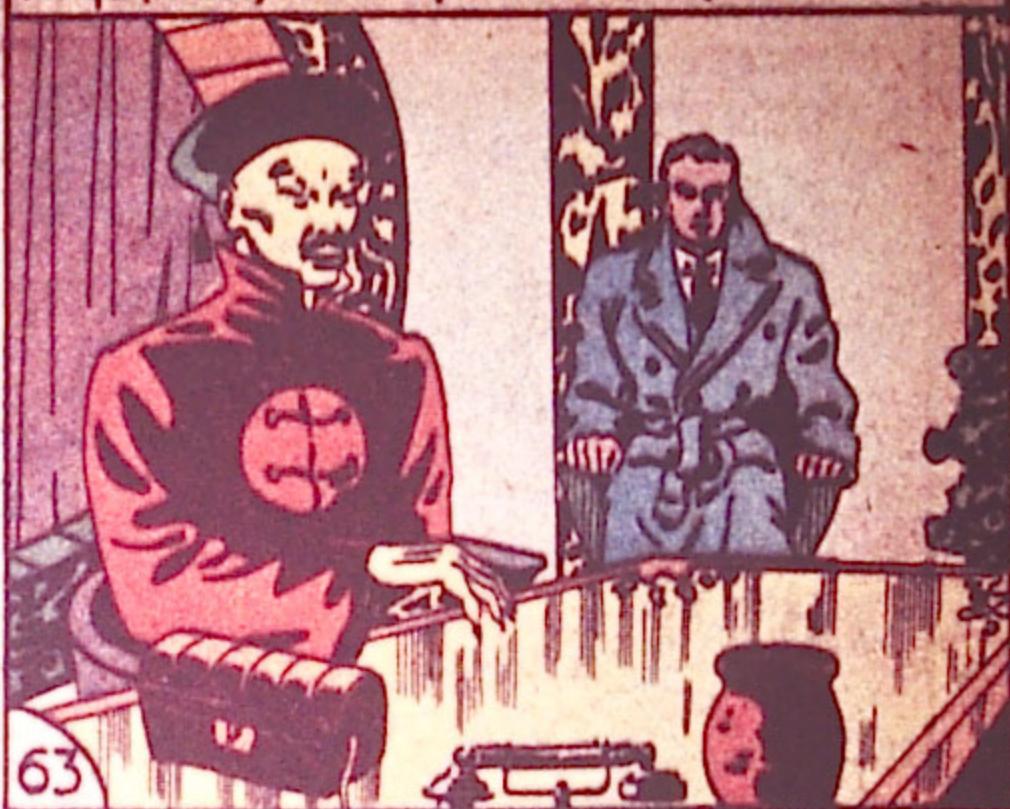
FINALLY HE MANEUVERED HIMSELF TO A POSITION JUST IN FRONT OF A BLACK TEAKWOOD STAND. HERE HE STOOD AND GAZED WITH A FARAWAY EXPRESSION AT THE GUARDS.



NELSON QUICKLY REPLACED THE RECEIVER AND RESUMED HIS STRIDING BACK AND FORTH JUST AS CHIN LUNG REAPPEARED.



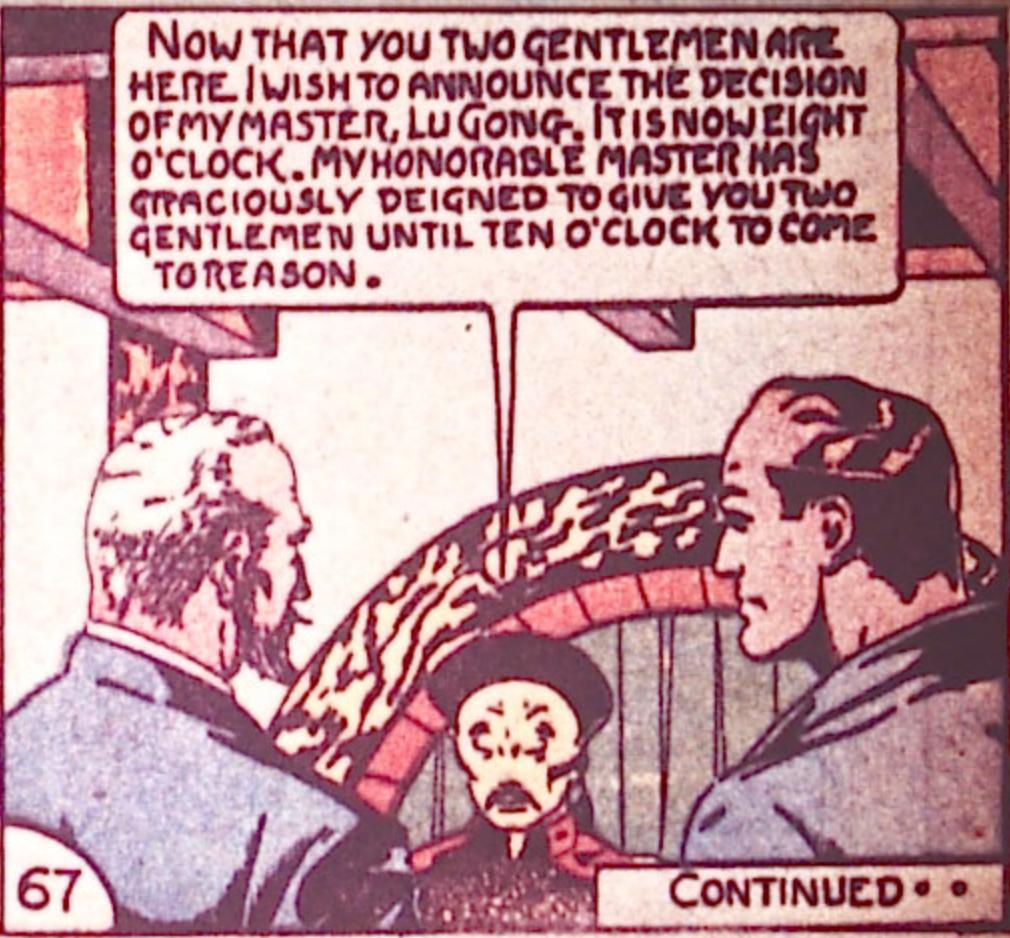
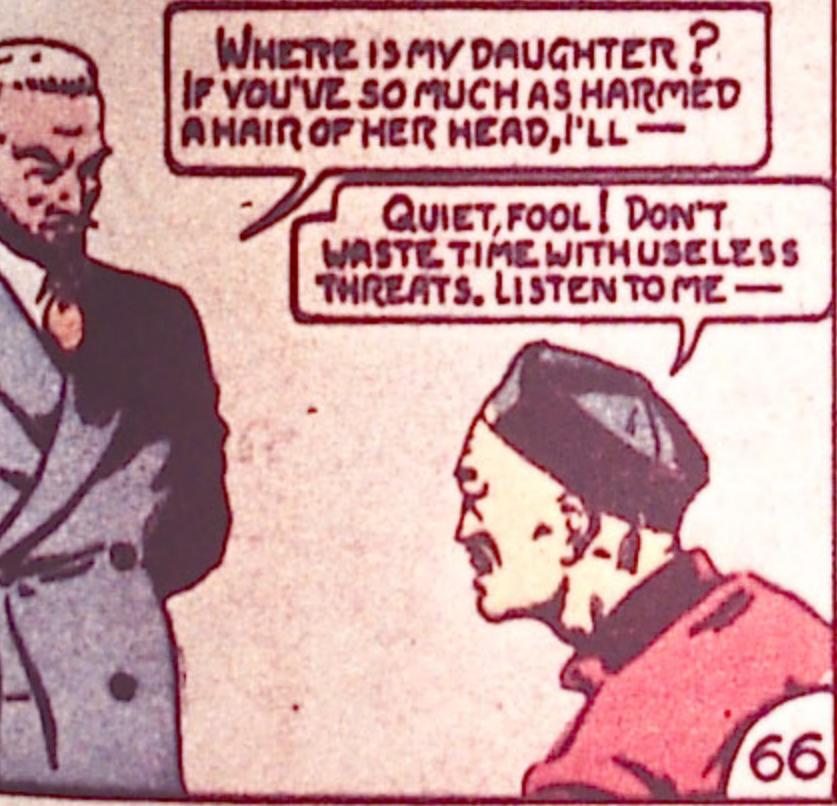
CHIN LUNG AGAIN TOOK HIS SEAT AT THE TABLE AND DRUMMED IDLY ON ITS SMOOTH SURFACE WITH HIS LONG FINGERNAILS, AS THOUGH WAITING FOR SOMEONE.



SOON THERE WAS A STEP IN THE OUTER HALLWAY AND TWO GUARDS BROUGHT ANOTHER WHITE MAN TO THE DOOR.



HE WAS USHERED IN AND STRODE TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM NODDING BRIEFLY AT NELSON AND STARING AT CHIN LUNG.



CONTINUED • •



# TROPICAL TROUBLE

by PAUL DEAN

*When a Secret Service man stops sending in his reports, he's generally in pretty bad trouble. George Donavan was in that kind of trouble, and it was up to Russ Brent to get him out of it.*

USS BRENT peered down the length of the pier but could distinguish nothing. Somewhere in the thick shadows of the buildings ahead him he knew a man waited, ready to kill him.

Beneath him, as he lay on the rough planks, he could hear the lapping and gurgling of the rising tide. The end had died and the night seemed darker than usual. His upper lip was wet and his forehead glistened with beads of perspiration that ran in tiny streams down the side of his face and along his jaw.

The humidity made his week-old pongee shirt cling to his back like fly paper and he could feel the skin on the palm of his hand stick to the butt of the automatic as he gripped it tightly.

Patiently he waited for some sign of his adversary, but everything was quiet.

And resting there for the moment he thought of all the events of the past several weeks. The swiftness of these incidents surprised him, but what amazed him the more was that he, Russel Brent, had been selected to play one of the principal roles in this little drama. He was the youngest member of the Department and had been connected with it for not quite two years. During that time the most active work he had done was to write and check the reports of the men in the field. He was, he told himself very bluntly, just another clerk who toiled in the Narcotic Division of the Secret Service in Washington.

Then one morning he was called into Mr. Johnson's office.

"Brent," said Mr. Johnson, "How would you like to take a little trip?"

"I'd like it very much, sir," he replied.

Johnson smiled. "Fine. Here's your ticket; tomorrow morning you'll leave for New Orleans!"

In New Orleans he learned the story.

The Home Office had discovered that a large syndicate, with its loading port somewhere in Central America, carried on an extensive narcotic trade across the Gulf of Mexico, using New Orleans as headquarters in the States. Try as they might, they were unable to get any information as to the whereabouts of the ringleaders.

News did come, however, of some activity in Panama, and George Donavan, one of the Department's ace men, immediately left to investigate, hoping to gain some knowledge that would lead to the arrest of the leaders in America.

Conditions became too uncomfortable for the smugglers down in Colon, and they moved their outfit up to Honduras, somewhere along the coast. Donavan followed, keeping in constant touch with the Department in New Orleans.

Then there must have been a slip-up, for Donavan's communications ceased abruptly.

"You're being sent to Honduras," Brent was told, "to locate Donavan. His last message came from a small town called Puerto la Saeta. Arrangements

have been made with the Honduran government and the police down there will cooperate to the fullest extent. However, it would be best, if possible, to work by yourself for your own safety and perhaps for Donavan's life."

And here he was in Honduras.

He wiped the perspiration from his face and started to wiggle forward on his stomach toward the group of buildings at the end of the wharf. His progress was slow and painful. Splinters from the decayed timber dug through his clothing and into the flesh of his arms and legs.

Russ continued this snake-like progress for three or four yards and then paused to listen.

Something damp and furry brushed past his face. He shivered slightly as he saw a huge water-rat race to the edge of the pier and drop into the water below with a soft splash.

THE man at the other end of the pier evidently heard the noise. There was a sharp report and Brent heard a bullet whine over his head and bury itself in the timber pile behind him.

As quickly as possible he wormed his way to the comparative safety of the deeper shadows on the other side of the wharf. He now knew where his opponent was located. He would sneak down on this side and offer a surprise attack.

He arose to his feet, and with the automatic in readiness, cautiously made his way along the edge of the dock. Reaching the buildings, he slid into a narrow alley that ran between two of them and paused at the far end.

Not ten feet away from him was his man!

Obviously a native Honduran, he crouched with his back to Brent and

peered and listened intently for signs of life at the other end of the pier that might afford him a pistol-target.

With panther-like swiftness, Russ leaped upon the native's back. The Honduran swung around viciously and they both fell to the ground. For a minute or so they fought fiercely and silently, the native the heavier of the two, Brent the more agile.

The weapons of both men dropped to the timber floor and in the melee one of them was kicked and sent flying off the wharf and into the water.

With a mighty heave, the native broke away from Brent and swiftly scooped up the one remaining pistol. But he had no opportunity to fire, for Brent charged him and sent a powerful uppercut smashing against his jaw. The Honduran reeled back to the edge of the pier and then sagging, disappeared with a loud splash into the inky waters beneath.

Brent waited, but the native did not come up. Once again silence prevailed.

Turning, Russ walked off the pier and along a narrow, dusty road that twisted through palm trees and heavy underbrush and seemed to lose itself in the blackness of the night.

To the east, the moon, pure silver in a cloudless sky, rose sullenly above the Gulf of Mexico.

Objects became more distinguishable, and to his left Brent saw a rambling, two-story structure. Bathed in the cold light of the moon, it offered an uncanny and unreal appearance, outlined by the dark background of the dense foliage.

A light!

Brent stopped and peered at the building.

There it was again!

A thin sliver of flickering light stabbed through the semi-darkness from beneath a broken slat that ineffectively covered one of the windows on the far end of the veranda.

Brent was perplexed. With cautious steps he weaved his way through the tall weeds towards the ghostly building.

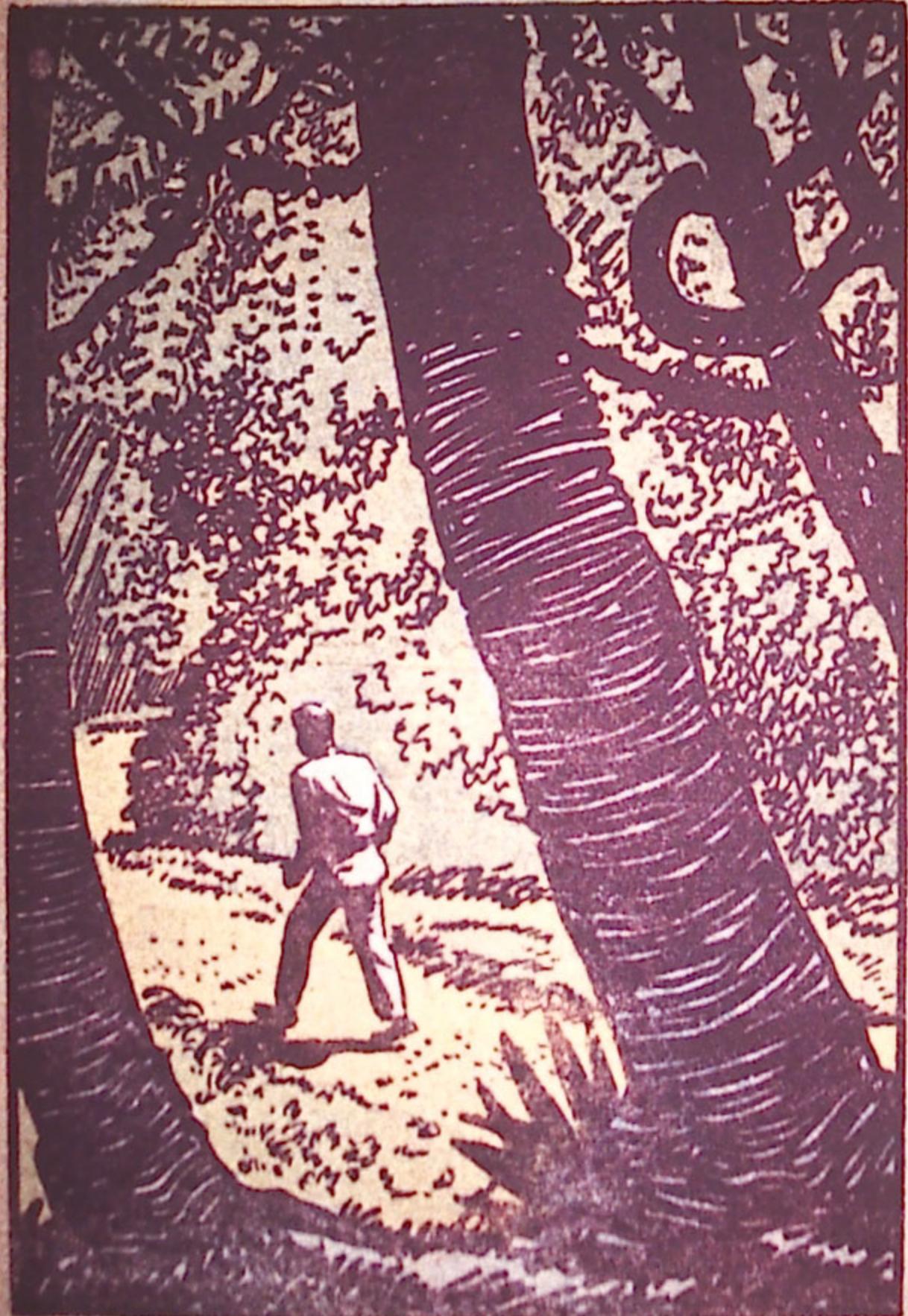
From a distance the moonlight softened its ugly appearance, but as he drew near the neglect and decay became more and more pronounced. A huge rat glared at him and vanished into the damp blackness beneath the porch.

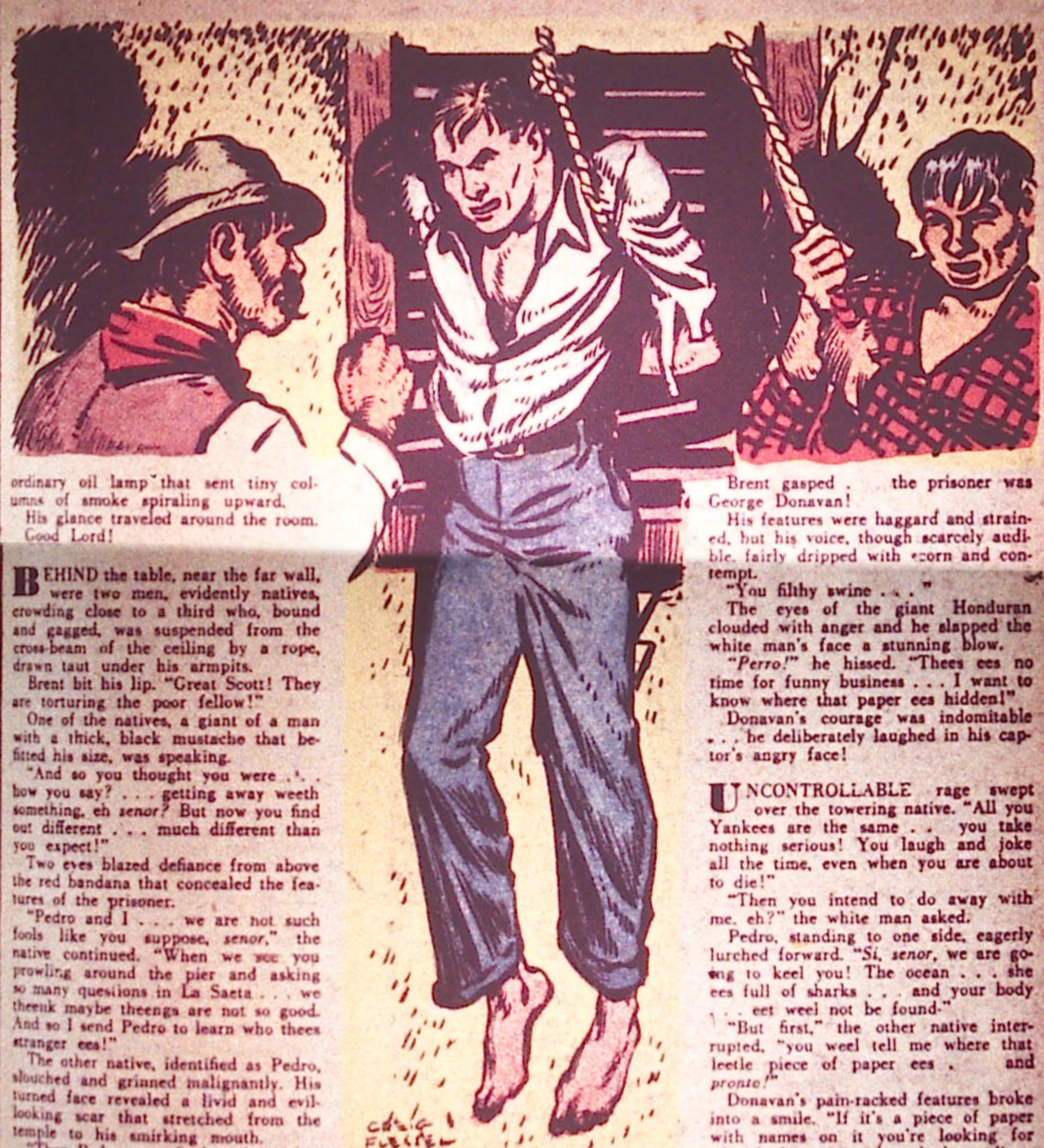
The room from which the light continued to glow possessed two windows, one opening on the veranda and the other facing the waterfront on the side of the house.

If he could approach the latter, it would afford him a better view of the interior without the possibility of disturbing whoever or whatever might be within.

He thought he heard the murmur of voices as he eased around the huge trunk of a palm and tip-toed stealthily to the side of the stucco wall. Resting his arm on the dust-covered sill for support, he raised himself and peered through a small aperture in the shutter.

The light which had first attracted his attention now caught his eye. It radiated from a table in the center of the floor upon which was placed an





ordinary oil lamp that sent tiny columns of smoke spiraling upward.

His glance traveled around the room. Good Lord!

**B**EHIND the table, near the far wall, were two men, evidently natives, crowding close to a third who, bound and gagged, was suspended from the cross-beam of the ceiling by a rope, drawn taut under his armpits.

Brent bit his lip. "Great Scott! They are torturing the poor fellow!"

One of the natives, a giant of a man with a thick, black mustache that befit his size, was speaking.

"And so you thought you were . . . how you say? . . . getting away weeth something, eh *señor*? But now you find out different . . . much different than you expect!"

Two eyes blazed defiance from above the red bandana that concealed the features of the prisoner.

"Pedro and I . . . we are not such fools like you suppose, *señor*," the native continued. "When we see you prowling around the pier and asking so many questions in La Saeta . . . we theenk maybe theenga are not so good. And so I send Pedro to learn who thees stranger ees!"

The other native, identified as Pedro, slouched and grinned malignantly. His turned face revealed a livid and evil-looking scar that stretched from the temple to his smirking mouth.

"Then Pedro come back and say that thees man ees no stranger at all! That you are . . . how you say . . . connected weeth the police! Of course, it make the Big Boss very angry. And he gives orders to stop you before you tell some-thing that weel do harm to heea business!"

Brent, listening intently, pressed closer to the shutter.

The mustached giant paused and, searching his disheveled clothes, produced a lengthy cheroot. He bent over, procured a light from the lamp and puffed away for a few seconds.

Withdrawing it from his mouth he gazed on it with pleasure and satisfaction. "However, there ees one leetle

Brent gasped . . . the prisoner was George Donavan!

His features were haggard and strained, but his voice, though scarcely audible, fairly dripped with scorn and contempt.

"You filthy swine . . ."

The eyes of the giant Honduran clouded with anger and he slapped the white man's face a stunning blow.

"*Perro!*" he hissed. "Thees ees no time for funny business . . . I want to know where that paper ees hidden!"

Donavan's courage was indomitable . . . he deliberately laughed in his captor's angry face!

**U**NCONTROLLABLE rage swept over the towering native. "All you Yankees are the same . . . you take nothing serious! You laugh and joke all the time, even when you are about to die!"

"Then you intend to do away with me, eh?" the white man asked.

Pedro, standing to one side, eagerly lurched forward. "Si, *señor*, we are going to keel you! The ocean . . . she ees full of sharks . . . and your body . . . eet weel not be found."

"But first," the other native interrupted, "you weel tell me where that leetle piece of paper ees . . . and pronto!"

Donavan's pain-racked features broke into a smile. "If it's a piece of paper with names on it you're looking for why don't you try the telephone directory? You'll find plenty of names there!"

"So . . . you still weel not tell!" the big native growled. "Pedro, lift heem up a leetle higher!"

"Con gusto, Manuel!" Pedro grinned, and, grasping the rope, put his weight to it.

Donavan's suspended body was jerked upward a foot above the floor. Beads of perspiration oozed and trickled down his drawn, pallid face, and blood seeped through his torn shirt where the tightened rope cut into the flesh.

The powerful Manuel seized two machetes that were lying on the table. Stooping down, he placed the large

*Continued*

question I must ask you before we get done weeth . . . er . . . thees unpleasant affair. You have hidden somewhere a piece of paper weeth several names on eet . . . to us it ees a very valuable piece of paper. Should eet reach the hands of your policee eet would cause a great deal of . . . I theenk you say . . . embarrassment."

He drew on his cigar and waved his hands in a gesture of explanation.

"So now I must trouble you to tell me where you have hidden that leetle piece of paper. Pedro weel unloosen the cloth for you to speak."

Pedro obediently slipped behind and untied the red bandana.



knives on the floor, with their razor-like blades upturned beneath the bare feet of the hanging American.

Brent, a witness throughout this gruesome ceremony, clenched his fists. If they lowered Donavan on those machetes, the soles of his feet would be severed to the bone!

He had to stop this . . . and do it quickly!

On the ground, near the stone wall, were several red tiles that had evidently fallen from the roof above. He clutched one in his hand, and, creeping to the veranda, leaped up as softly as possible. A board creaked . . .

Manuel crouched on the floor, turned his head sharply.

"What was that, Pedro?" he whispered hoarsely.

His companion listened. "Eet probably was a rat. Thees place . . . she have hundreds of them! Come, Manuel, let us get on with our work!"

Manuel shrugged his shoulders, while Brent on the outside stood still and waited. He could feel the blood pounding through his veins.

Again from within came the harsh, accented voice of the bulky Manuel:

"And now, *señor Americano*, I ask you for the last time! You will tell me where that paper ees hidden . . . before Pedro drops the rope?"

Donavan's nerve was admirable.

"Not on your life!" he gasped.

Now was the time, Brent thought . . .

He seized the dilapidated shutter and, with all his strength, tore it from the rusty hinges that offered little or no resistance.

The startled natives swung around with an oath.

They hesitated . . . then Manuel, a gleaming machete in his hand, rushed across the room towards the window.

A piece of red tile whistled through the air and the advancing Honduran stopped suddenly in his tracks and pitched forward on the floor.

Pedro released the rope he was holding and reached for the revolver strapped to his side.

With a single leap Brent vaulted into the room and before the weapon could be leveled, he sent his fist smashing into the scar-marked face of the native.

He, too, crumpled to the floor, and the revolver slid harmlessly across the boards. Brent stooped and picked it up.

Then he hurried to the side of the prisoner who squatted by the wall where he had fallen.

"Colly, fellow," Donavan gasped, "what are you doing here?"

"Never mind that now," Brent answered. "I'll set you untied first!"

He had barely cut the last rope when Donavan grabbed his arm . . .

"Duck!" he cried.

Russ did, and something whizzed over his head and struck the wall.

Glancing up, he saw the quivering blade of a *sabreto* embedded in the plaster two or three inches above him!

He wheeled around . . .

**M**ANUEL, stunned by the blow he had received, stood swaying on the far side of the room, cleaching and uncleaching his fists. Low, guttural growls, not unlike an animal's, rumbled in his throat.

Pedro also had recovered. He crouched on the floor, one arm resting on an upraised knee, and his black, beady eyes had the malicious stare of a cornered rat.

Brent, standing erect, motioned to them with the revolver. "You two fellows get in the center of the room . . . and no monkey business about it, either!"

Both the natives advanced slowly towards the table.

Donavan had risen to his feet. "Some of this rope will do to tie them . . ."

The room was suddenly thrown into darkness!

With one powerful sweep, Manuel had sent the oil lamp flying across the room . . . the flame flickered and died as it crashed against the wall.

Brent peered into the unaccustomed gloom . . . where had they gone?

"Stand perfectly still and not a sound!" whispered Donavan at his side. "Let me make the first move!"

They waited . . .

The squeaking of loose boards caught their ears and almost simultaneously the figures of the two natives were silhouetted in the window frame.

Brent raised his revolver, but they had already disappeared onto the veranda.

"Quick! After them!" Donavan shouted, scrambling through the window. Russ followed him.

"There they are!" Brent cried, pointing at two figures racing madly towards the beach.

The Americans leaped from the porch in pursuit.

Reaching the waterfront, the natives, without hesitation, plunged into the surf and deliberately struck out for the open sea!

Brent and his companion rushed down to the shore.

"Don't fire," Donavan advised. "I'd rather have them alive than dead."

"But where are they swimming?" Russ asked. "There's no land out there!"

"They've probably got a small boat anchored . . . they must have!"

In the light of the moon Brent could still distinguish the heads of the two Hondurans.

Then, as if from nowhere, a shadowy object cut the water near the swimmers . . . another . . . and yet a third one. Sharks!

Suddenly the terrifying and penetrating cry of a man in horrible agony pierced through the night air. A cold, tingling sensation ran down Brent's spine.

"Just as I thought!" cried Donavan. "The fools . . . the poor, helpless fools!"

The screams of the trapped men rose in frightful and hideous chorus, like the demented clamoring of condemned souls, lost for all eternity. It was unforgettable . . . a fearful nightmare!

Abruptly the outcries ceased. . . .

Once again the sea was calm, save where an occasional fin ruffled the silvery path of the reflected moonlight.

Donavan turned and faced Brent. "I am sorry it had to end this way, but I certainly am grateful to you for your assistance. You pulled me out of a tough spot!"

Brent warmly clasped the outstretched hand in friendship. "Forget about it, old man. After all, there's no reason why I shouldn't help a fellow countryman out of a predicament . . . particularly when he happens to be working for the same Department of the United States Government as I."

CRIME DRAMA

**D**ONAVAN was happily surprised. "And I thought I was the only one trailing these fellows!"

"You were, as a matter of fact," explained Brent, "until your communications stopped. Then the Home Office knew that something had gone wrong and that you were probably in some sort of a jam. But why they selected me to find you is still a mystery to me!"

"There's nothing very mysterious about it to me," said Donavan. "You did an excellent job."

"Thanks," smiled Russ. "It makes me feel as if I were a Boy Scout again. You know, 'a good turn every day'."

"You're probably wondering how this all came about," said Donavan. "Well I followed them up here from Panama and after three weeks of snooping around, I finally managed to gather some very valuable intelligence regarding their hideout in New Orleans . . . even the names of the 'Big Boys' at the head of the organization."

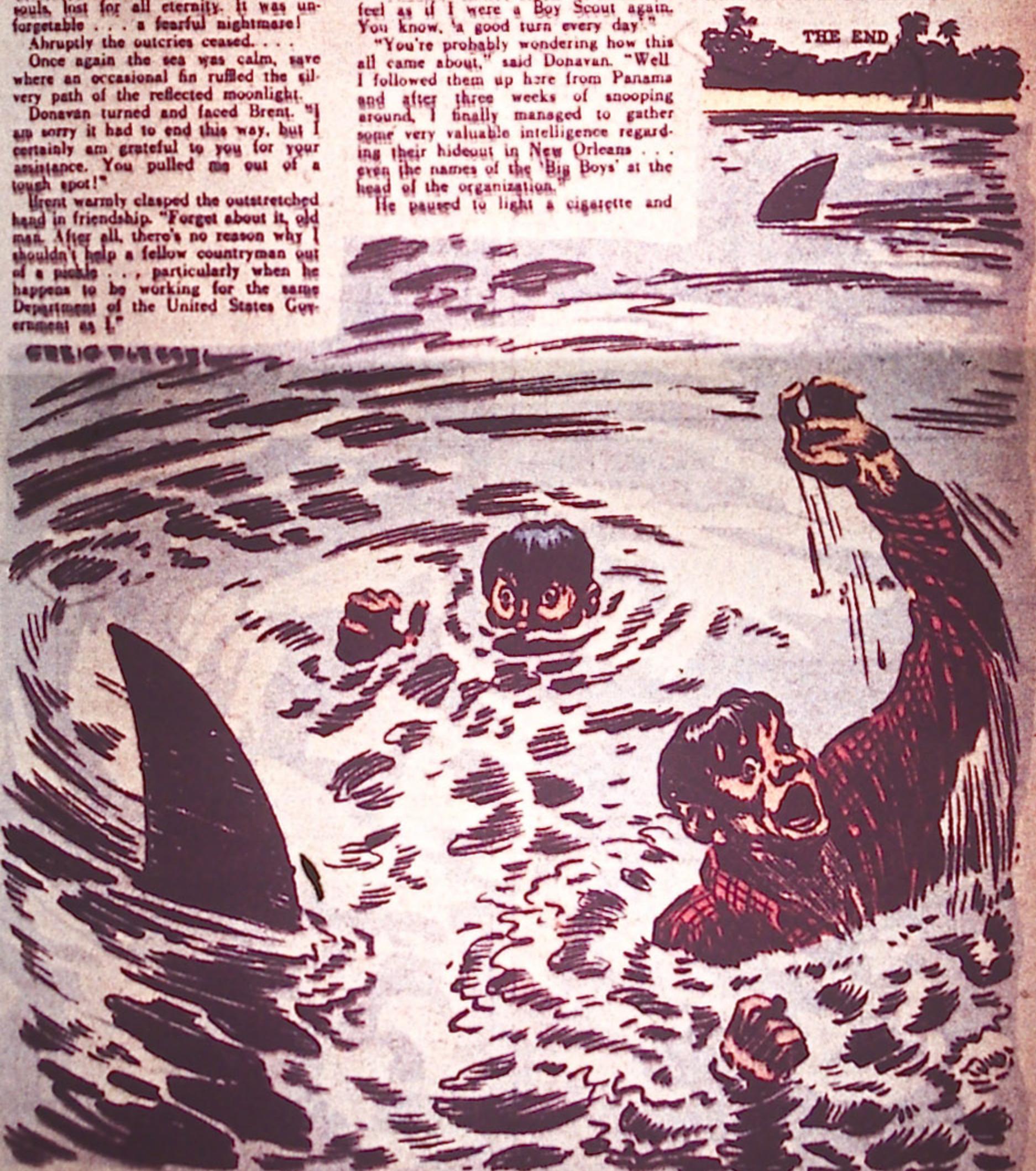
He paused to light a cigarette and

then continued: "My activities evidently became too obvious . . . and only this afternoon they waylaid me on the beach and brought me to this deserted hotel. The rest you know."

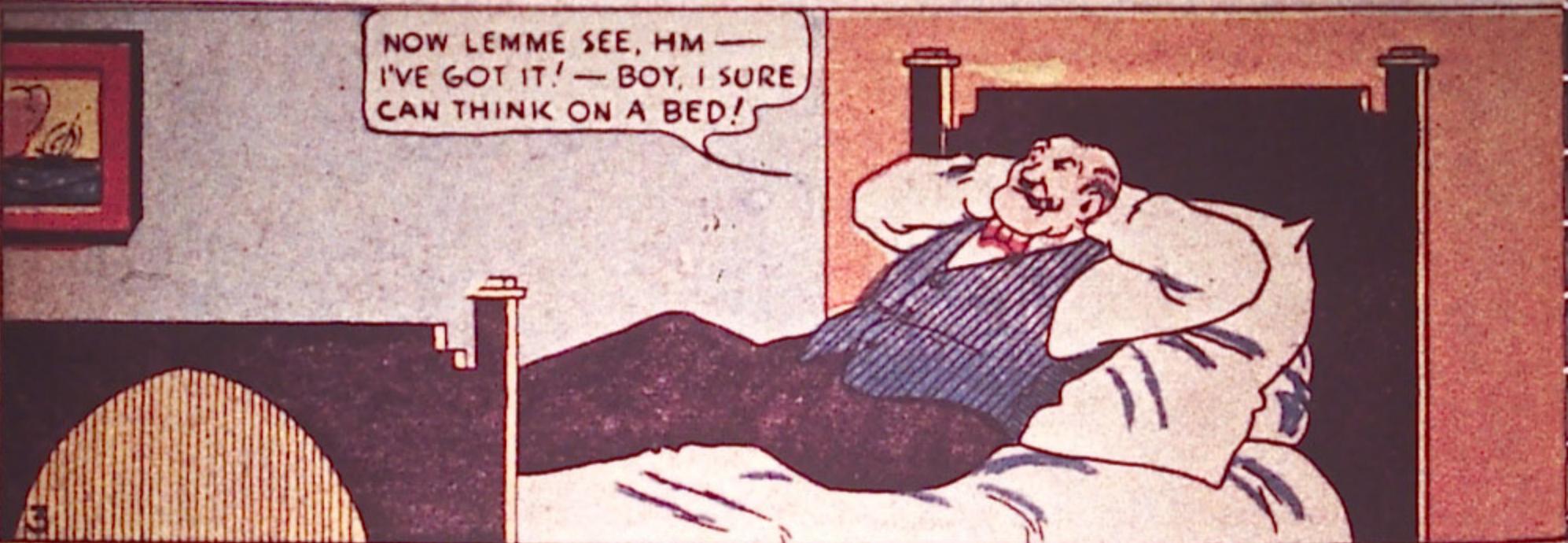
With one final glance at the serene waters of the Gulf, they swam around and threaded their way through the brush and tangled undergrowth toward the road.

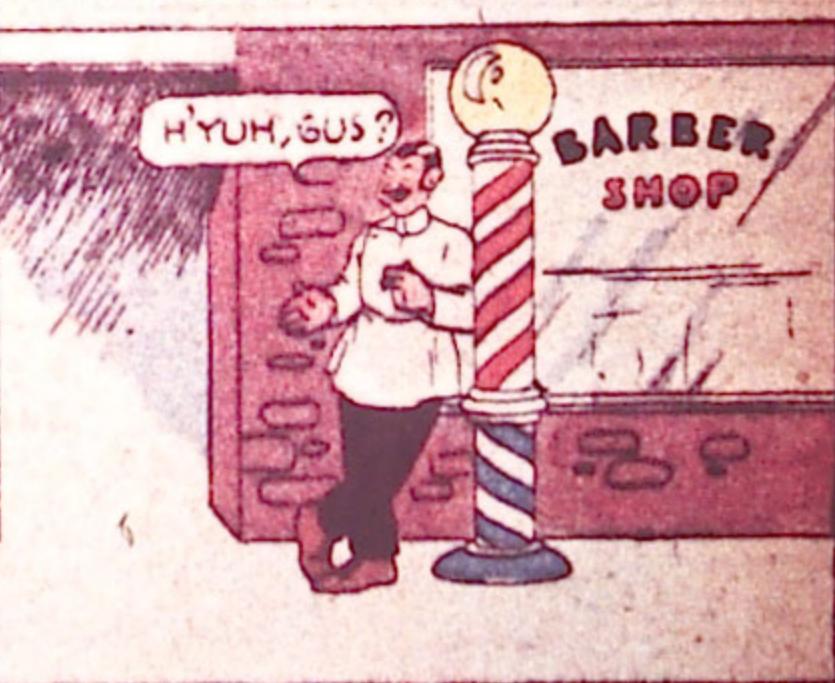
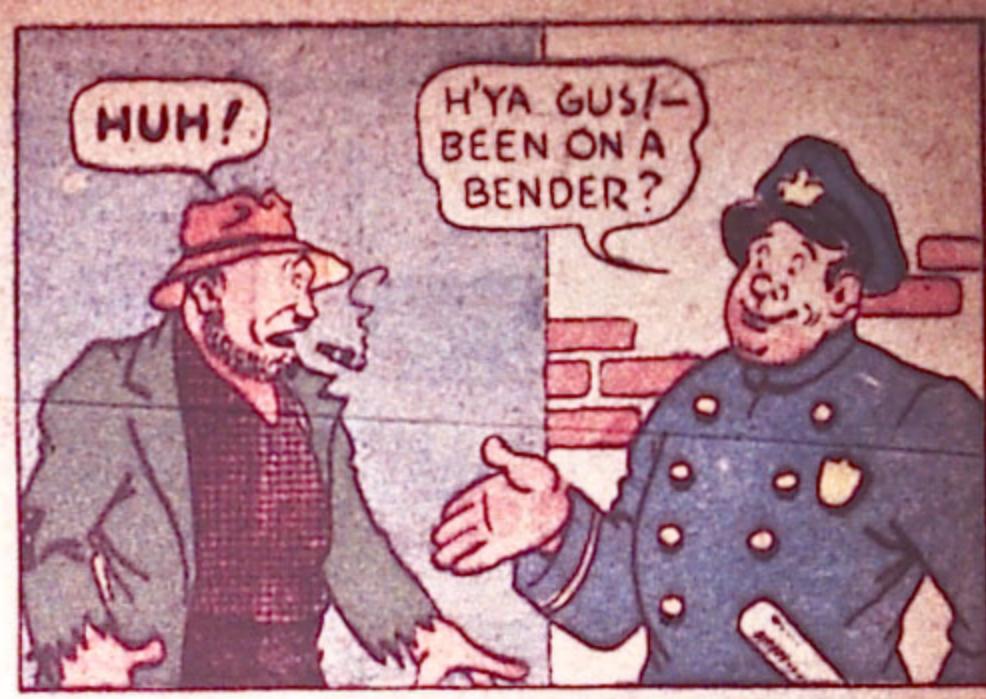
A solitary bird, perched on the tiled roof of the deserted hotel, gave vent to his agitation, flinging shrill and decisive threats at the intruders.

THE END



# GUMSHOE GUS





I'LL HAVE T'CLIMB OVER  
SO NOBODY WILL SEE  
ME GO IN!



13

COUNTY  
ASYLUM

HEY!

COME ON  
DOWN!—  
YOU CAN'T  
BREAK OUT  
LIKE THIS!

TRYIN' TO  
CRASH OUT  
EH?

LEGO ME!—I AINT  
NO NUT—I'M A  
PLAIN-CLOTHES  
MAN!

OH YEAH!—  
YOU LOOK MORE  
LIKE AN  
OLD-CLOTHES  
MAN T'ME—  
C'MON!

15

I TELL YUH I'M A COP!—I C'N  
PROVE IT—LET ME AT A  
TELEPHONE, I WANNA TALK  
T' THE CHIEF!

SURE! SURE!—  
YOU C'N TALK  
TO THE MAYOR  
TOO!

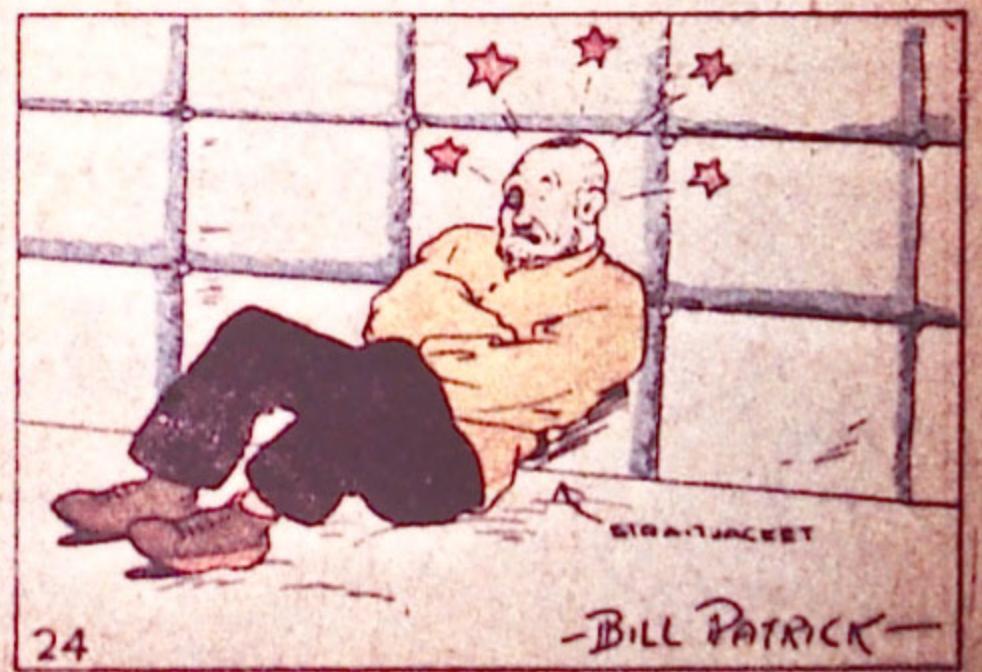
16

WE CAUGHT THIS  
CRACK-POT  
TRYIN' TO  
ESCAPE!

TAKE HIM  
AWAY—I'LL  
SEE HIM  
LATER!

GIMME A PHONE!—  
I WANNA GET THE  
PRECINCT ON THE  
WIRE!

17



# SPY

by JEROME SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

REGISTERED AT THE HOTEL ROYALE IS AN ARMY OFFICER NAMED CAPTAIN HANLEY WHOM WE SUSPECT OF SELLING GOVERNMENT SECRETS. YOUR ORDERS ARE: DETERMINE HIS INNOCENCE OR GUILT.

JUST LEAVE IT TO US!

LATER...  
IN  
THE  
LOBBY  
OF THE  
HOTEL  
ROYALE...

LOOK, SALLY!  
AN ARMY CAPTAIN!  
I'LL BET HE'S OUR  
MAN!

YOU SEARCH  
HIS ROOM, BART,  
WHILE I TURN  
ON THE SEX-APPEAL  
AND DETAIN HIM!

PARDON ME,  
BUT YOUR FACE  
-- IT LOOKS  
FAMILIAR!

WHILE YOU PUZZLE  
OVER IT, WILL YOU  
PLEASE LET ME  
PASS? I'VE GOT  
TO GO TO MY  
ROOM!

THINK QUICK, SALLY! IT MIGHT PROVE  
EMBARRASSING IF HANLEY WALKED  
IN AND CAUGHT BART SEARCHING  
HIS ROOM!



AS THE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS TO BRUSH PAST, SALLY PUTS A HASTILY CONCEIVED STRATEGEM TO DETAIN HIM, INTO EFFECT. SHE SHRIEKS FOR HELP!



THE CAPTAIN IS CORRECT! -- I SAW EXACTLY WHAT OCCURRED, MADAME! YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE THE HOTEL AT ONCE!

I CERTAINLY WILL! I WOULDN'T STAND NEAR THAT -- THAT MASHER, FOR ANOTHER MOMENT!

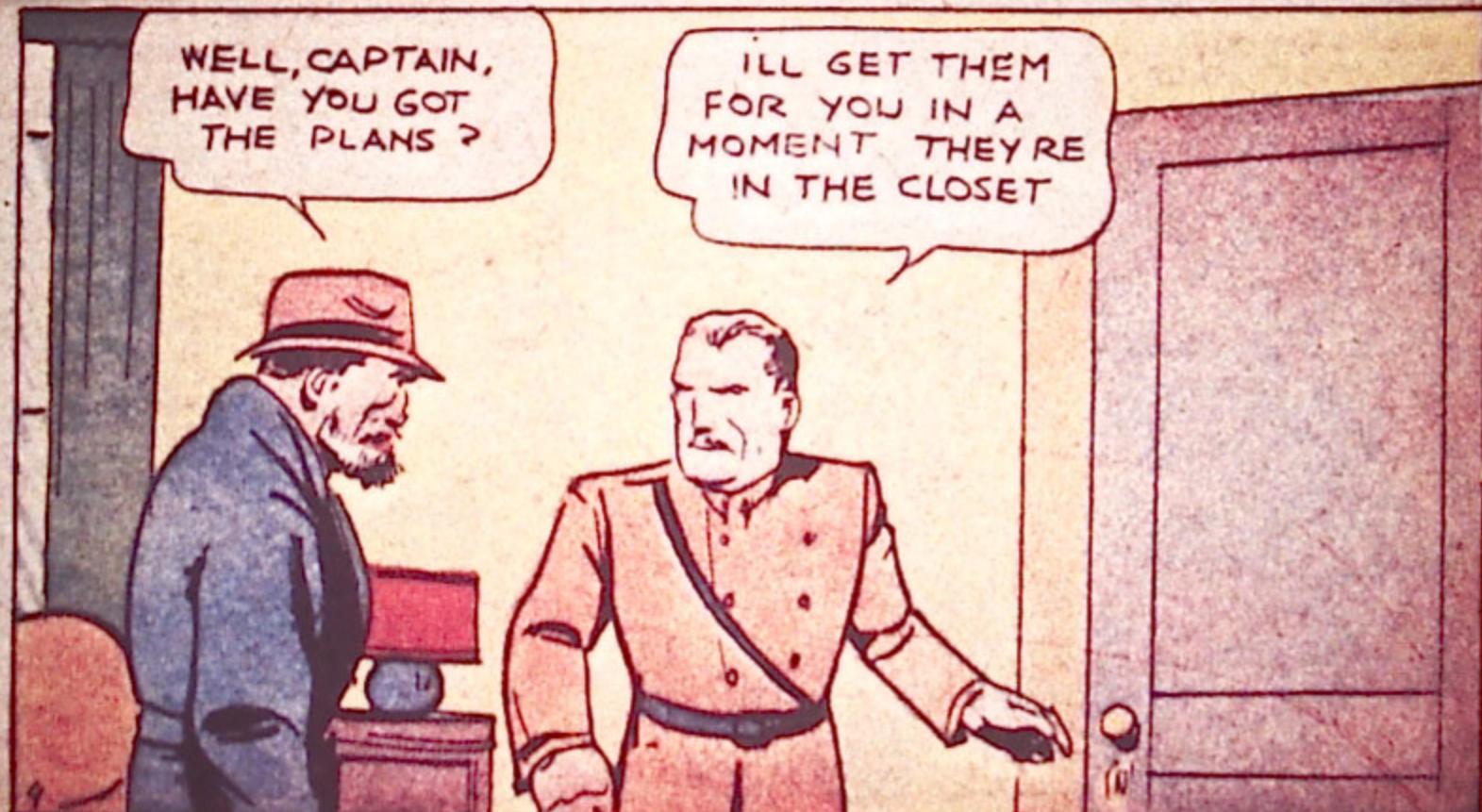
SALLY FAILED TO DETAIN HANLEY LONG ENOUGH, FOR BART IS FORCED TO HIDE IN A CLOSET WHEN THE CAPTAIN RETURNS PREMATURELY TO HIS ROOM



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, HANLEY RECEIVES A VISITOR.

WELL, CAPTAIN, HAVE YOU GOT THE PLANS?

ILL GET THEM FOR YOU IN A MOMENT. THEY'RE IN THE CLOSET



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?  
GO GET THE PLANS!

CERTAINLY!  
-- AS SOON AS YOU HAND ME THE AGREED SUM.

WITHIN THE CLOSET, BART SEARCHES THE SUITS UNTIL HE FINDS . . .

THE PLANS FOR THE NEW ARMY FORTIFICATIONS--  
WOW! THIS IS POLITICAL DYNAMITE!

WHEN CAPTAIN HANLEY OPENS THE CLOSET DOOR, HE IS FLUNG ASIDE BY BART'S HURTLING FIGURE!

WHO TH--?

SO LONG, BOYS!  
I REALLY MUST BE GOING!

STOP HIM!

NOT SO FAST,  
YOU! GET BACK!

LET GO OF THAT PAPER!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THIS FELLOW?

PLUG HIM!  
-- HE WON'T BE THE FIRST BURGLAR WHO WAS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE!



I HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME, AFTER ALL

WHY NOT?

THIS IS WHY!

NICE GOIN', SALLY!



WHILE SALLY  
RENDERS  
THEM PASSIVE  
WITH HER  
GUN, BART  
BINDS THE  
TWO TRAITORS  
TO THEIR  
COUNTRY,  
USING TIES  
AND SCARFS  
FOR ROPES

SET US FREE  
AND YOU CAN  
HAVE ANYTHING  
YOU WANT!

THE ONLY THING  
WE WANT RIGHT  
NOW IS TO SEE  
YOU BIRDS GET  
WHAT'S COMIN'!

AND THAT'S  
GOING TO BE  
PLENTY!



SHORTLY LATER --

THE STOLEN ARMY  
FORTIFICATIONS!  
-- YOU'RE  
BOTH UNDER  
ARREST!

IT LOOKS LIKE  
THAT ANONYMOUS  
PHONE-CALL  
WASN'T A BUM  
STEER, AFTER  
ALL!



AND AT SPY HEADQUARTERS --

YOU'VE DONE A  
SPLendid JOB!  
IT'S TOO BAD YOU  
CAN'T BE REWARDED  
PUBLICLY

THIS IS ALL  
THE REWARD  
I NEED!

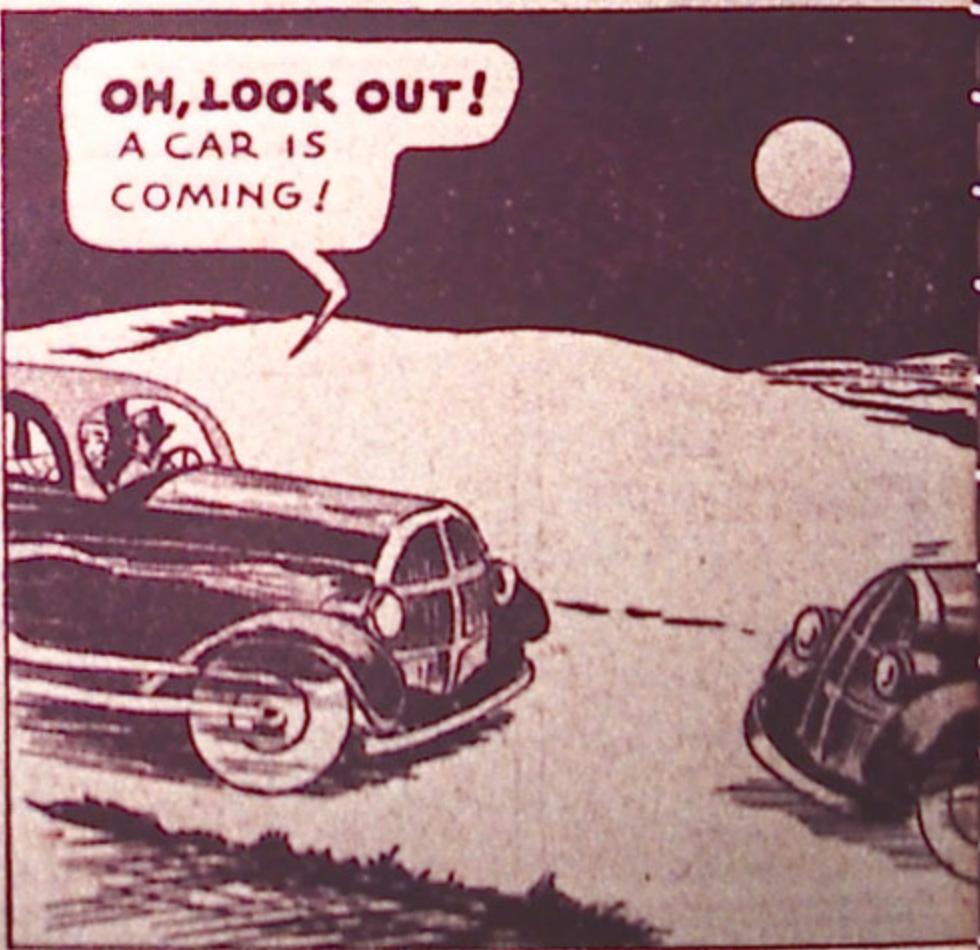
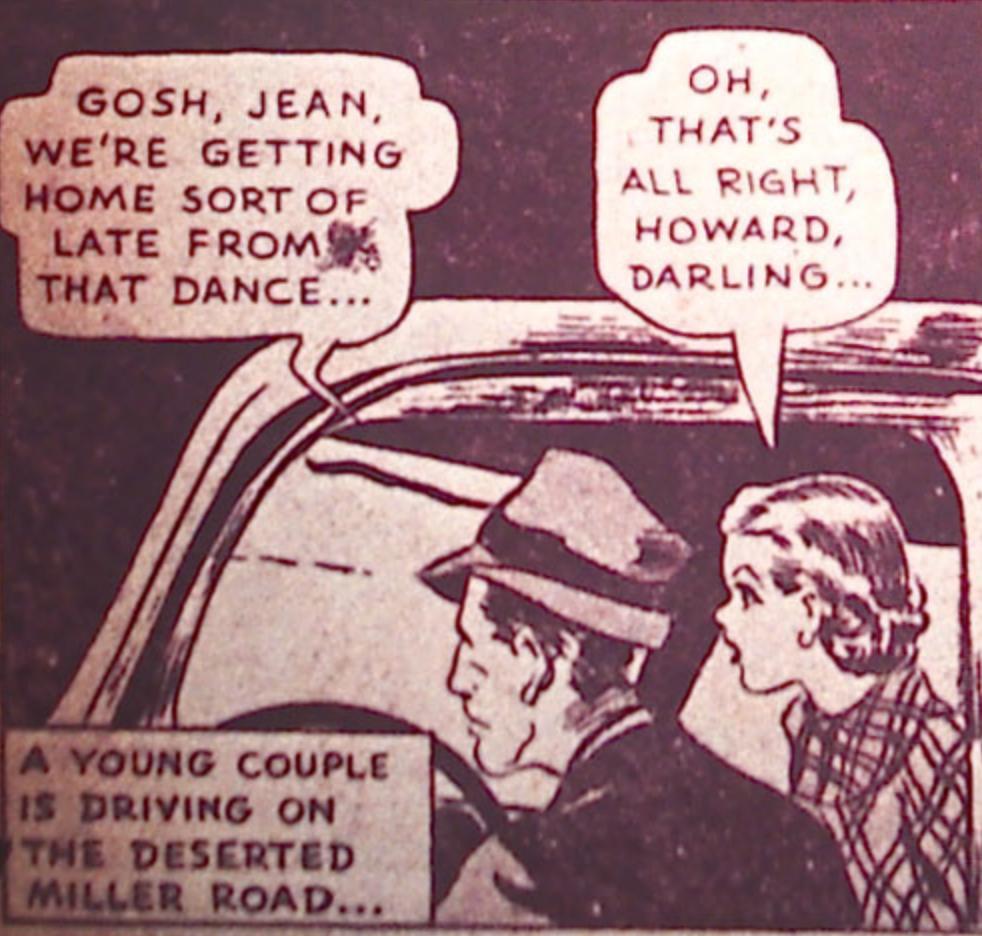


THE END

# MR CHANG

and THE MAD  
Scientist

By Win



GREETINGS,  
INSPECTOR  
DANIELS—

CHANG, I'VE COME  
TO YOU AGAIN TO  
ASK FOR YOUR HELP  
ON A VERY BAFFLING  
SITUATION...

MY HUMBLE  
EFFORTS ARE  
AT YOUR  
SERVICE,  
INSPECTOR

THERE HAVE BEEN  
SEVERAL MYSTERIOUS  
AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS  
ON MILLER ROAD THAT  
HAVE STUMPED US  
COMPLETELY!

DUE TO A SERIES  
OF STRANGE AUTOMOBILE  
ACCIDENTS, INSPECTOR  
DANIELS CALLS ON CHANG

RUE, A  
BAFFLING  
CASE...

AND THE STRANGE  
PART OF IT IS, THE DIS-  
APPEARANCE OF THE  
OCCUPANTS — THE BODIES  
TO BE FOUND LATER —  
DRAINED OF THEIR BLOOD...

I HAVE FOLLOWED  
THIS DESPICABLE CASE  
IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND  
HAVE A PLAN OF  
ACTION —

YOU HAVE...?  
WHAT IS IT,  
CHANG?

YOU'RE TAKING  
AN AWFUL CHANCE,  
CHANG —

JUST WATCH  
FOR SIGNAL,  
INSPECTOR, AND  
THEN ACT!

. A MOST LONELY  
ROAD, MASTER,  
BUT I SEE LIGHTS  
OF ANOTHER CAR...

YES, WU,  
I SEE....

AFTER REVEALING HIS PLAN TO THE  
INSPECTOR, CHANG PREPARES TO ACT...

LATER—CHANG AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT  
WU ARE DRIVING ON MILLER ROAD...

HOW DO YOU  
FEEL NOW,  
HOWARD?

MEANWHILE...

NO BONES  
BROKEN, BUT  
MY HEAD FEELS  
LIKE A MERRY-  
GO-ROUND

AFTER THEIR CAR CRASHED, HOWARD  
AND JEAN FIND THEMSELVES IN A  
STRANGE DWELLING...

OH! THE DOOR'S  
OPENING....  
SOMEBODY'S  
COMING IN!

I AM DR. HUGO  
VON GRATZ, THE  
EMIMENT SCIENTIST-  
I HOPE MY GUESTS  
ARE COM-  
FORTABLE...

EGOR, ESCORT  
MY GUESTS TO THE  
LABORATORY — AND  
TREAT THEM GENTLY.

YOU COME WITH  
ME NOW, YES..?

VERY NICELY  
DONE, EGOR

HOWARD TRIES TO RESIST, BUT IS  
QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY  
EGOR...

WE NEED ANOTHER SUBJECT - GO OUT AND SET THE USUAL TRAP. THESE TWO ARE EXPERIMENTAL UNTIL I FIND A REAL SPECIMEN...

LUDWIG, WE MUST OPERATE AT ONCE... FIRST TO DRAIN THE BLOOD AND TO INJECT MY OWN SECRET LIFE-GIVING FLUID.... AND THEN THE BODY WILL GROW - DOUBLE-TRIPLE!

THE DOCTOR'S FANTASTIC EXPERIMENT IS TO CREATE A RACE OF GIANTS WITH HIMSELF AS MASTER...

THEY CALL ME MAD! -BUT I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL BE MASTER YET...

HOLD ON, WU, WE ARE GOING TO HIT THIS MYSTERIOUS CAR!

CHANG, MEANWHILE, BENT ON SOLVING THE MYSTERIOUS CRASHES, DRIVES HEAD ON INTO THE "PHANTOM" CAR

CRASH

AS I EXPECTED...

REACH FOR IT, WISE GUYS! THE BOSS WILL BE PLEASED WITH HIS NEW VICTIMS

CHANG CRASHES INTO A HUGE MIRROR WHICH REFLECTED HIS OWN CAR.....

AHA, MR. CHANG! FANCY  
MEETING YOU HERE — 'PERHAPS  
YOU ARE JUST THE  
TYPE FOR MY  
EXPERIMENT!



GENIUS GONE  
MAD....

BUT FIRST—WATCH  
CLOSELY THE  
REACTION OF  
PRESEN  
VICTIM  
MAN

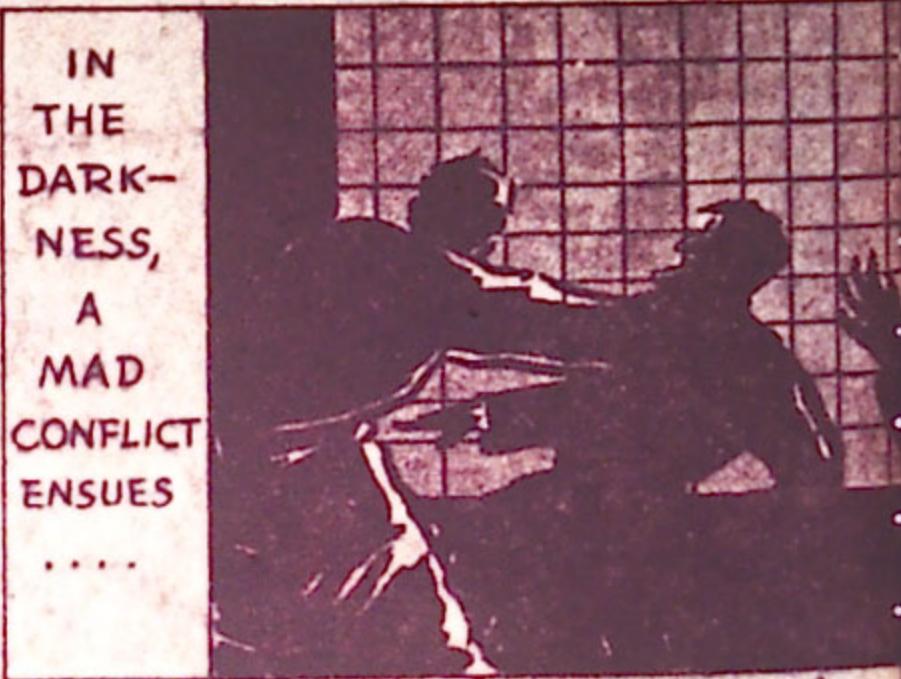


WU, WE MUST  
RESCUE VICTIMS!  
WHEN LIGHTS FAIL, WE  
MUST WORK FAST.....



WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVEMENT,  
CHANG SNAPS OFF THE LIGHTS.....

IN  
THE  
DARK-  
NESS,  
A  
MAD  
CONFLICT  
ENSUES  
....



SCOUNDRELS!  
BEASTS! LIGHTS-  
LIGHTS!

EGOR! LUDWIG!  
STOP THEM! THEY  
MUST NOT ESCAPE-  
BLUNDERING  
FOOLS—

HIS  
PLANS  
THWARTED,  
THE  
SCIENTIST  
MADLY  
CALLS  
FOR HIS  
HENCH-  
MEN...

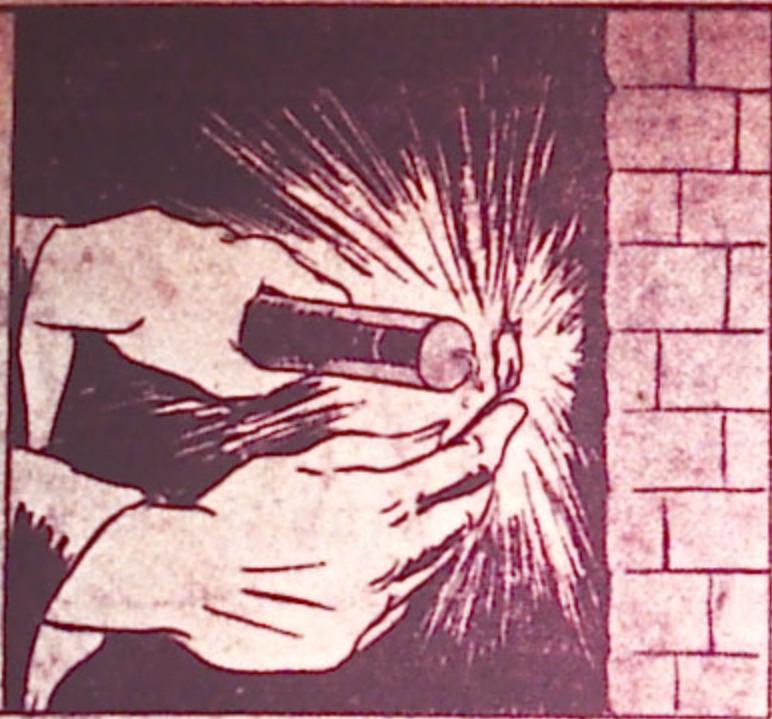


HAVING  
ESCAPED  
INTO  
ANOTHER  
ROOM,  
CHANG  
ACTS  
QUICKLY  
....

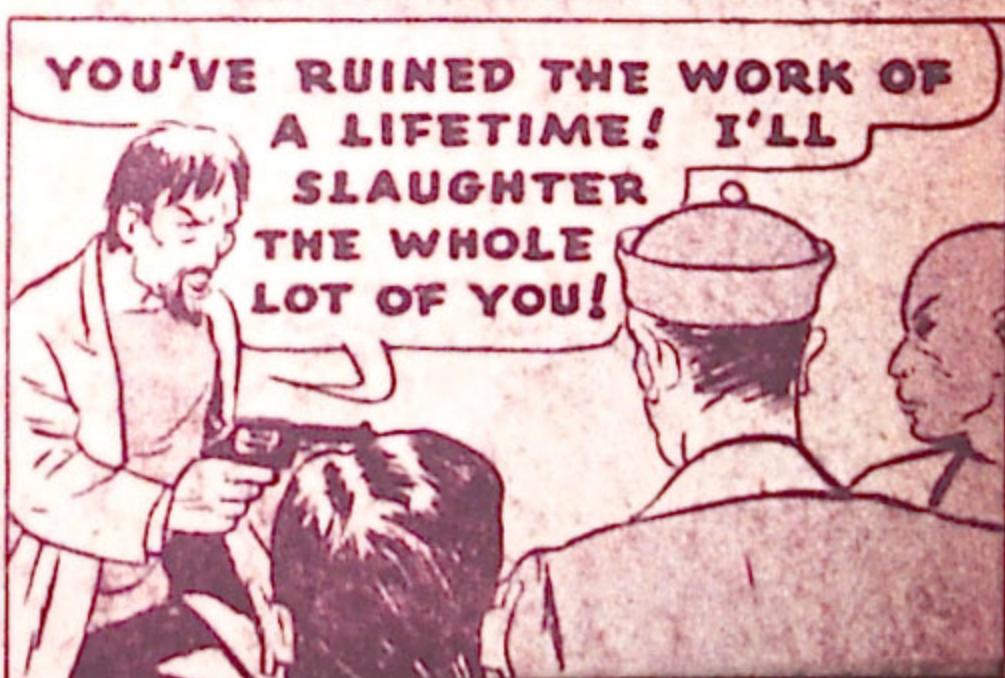
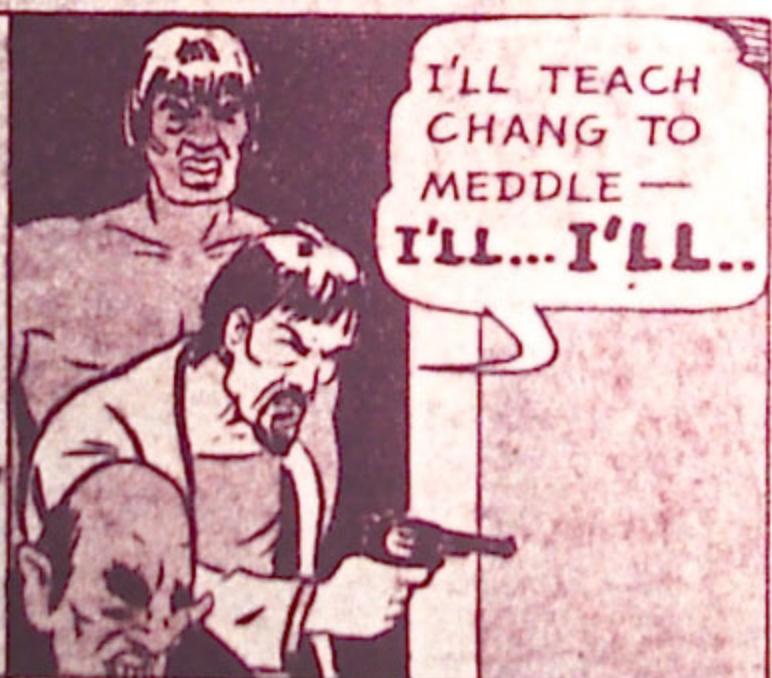


THESE FLARES WILL  
SWIFTLY SUMMON  
THE POLICE....

CHANG  
LIGHTS  
THE  
FLARE  
AND  
PLACES  
IT IN  
THE  
FIRE-  
PLACE



ARMED  
TO THE  
TEETH,  
DR. VON  
GRATZ  
IS BENT  
ON  
BREAKING  
VEN-  
GEANCE



A  
BULLET  
RASHES  
THROUGH  
THE  
WINDOW,  
AND  
THE MAD  
CIENTIST  
DROPS  
TO THE  
FLOOR



DANIELS AND HIS MEN SMASH IN....

I SEE WE  
ARRIVED IN THE  
NICK OF TIME,  
CHANG —

YES, THIS HUMBLE  
PERSON ADMITS  
HE WAS INDEED IN  
A "TOUGH SPOT"!



THAT MIRROR  
THEORY OF YOURS  
HIT THE NAIL ON  
THE HEAD, CHANG—  
HOW DID YOU...?

"ELEMENTARY,  
MY DEAR WATSON  
— WILL YOU JOIN  
ME IN A CUP  
OF TEA?"



THE END

# SLAM

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

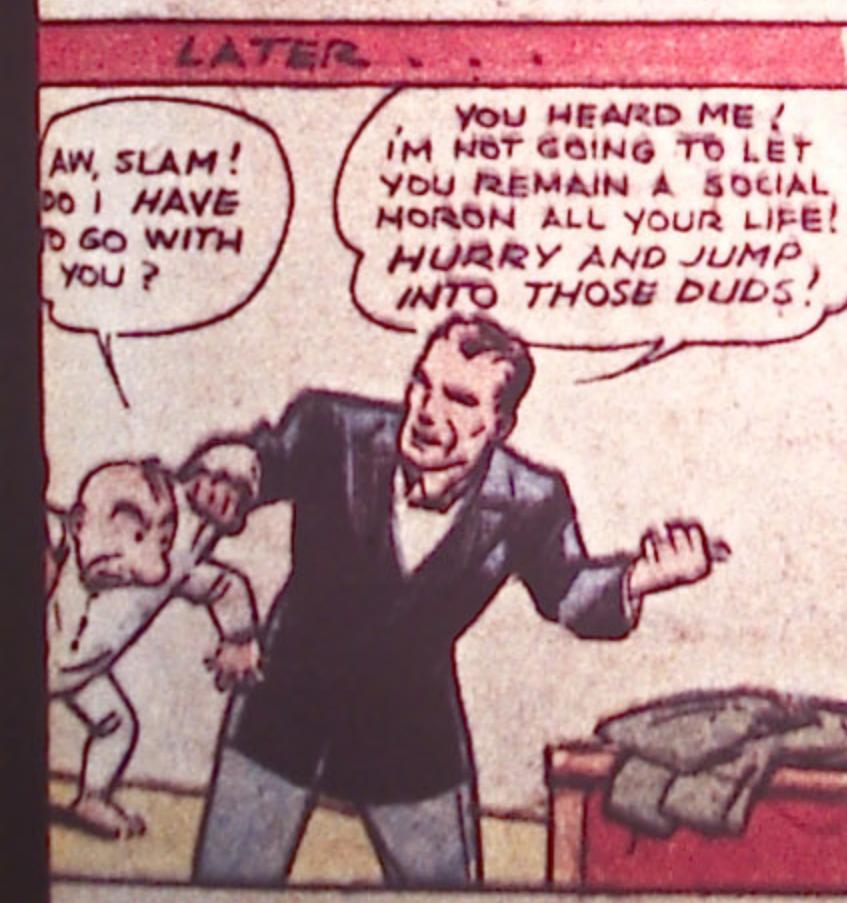
## BRADLEY

SINCE YOU'RE  
TOO OLD TO BE  
SPANKED, THIS IS  
THE NEXT BEST  
THING!

CRUNCH

LATE ONE EVENING, WHILE  
RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENT,  
SLAM HEARS A CALL FOR HELP  
AND IS QUICK TO RESPOND! --  
SURPRISING TWO YEGGS WAYLAYING  
AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, HE QUICKLY  
CONVINCES THE THUGS THAT CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY!





IN THE COURSE OF THE EVENING . . .

YOU MEAN  
TO SAY YOU  
ARE A  
DETECTIVE?

HOW  
INTERESTING

SAY! HOW DON'T  
GET TH' IDEA  
HE'S JUST ANOTHER  
DICK! WHY  
SLAM'S TH'  
GREATEST-

PIPE DOWN,  
SHORTY!

THE ENSUING DAYS FIND SLAM AND SHORTY  
CONSTANTLY IN THE COMPANY OF ROSITA &  
ALVARDO CORTEZ. TOGETHER THEY VISIT  
TOWN'S NIGHT SPOTS AND EACH EVENING  
CEMENTS THEIR FRIENDSHIP EVEN STRONGER.



BUT FINALLY, THE DAY ARRIVES WHEN  
THE CORTEZ'S MUST RETURN TO THEIR  
NATIVE COUNTRY

THANKS TO YOU,  
SEÑOR SLAM.  
IT HAS BEEN A  
PRICELESS  
VACATION!

BOTH OF YOU  
MUST COME AND  
VISIT OUR HACIENDA  
SOME DAY!

WHO  
KNOWS?  
MAYBE WE  
WILL!

A WEEK LATER --

A TELEGRAM FROM  
ROSITA! HER FATHER  
BEEN KIDNAPPED BY  
BANDITS! -- GRAB  
YOUR HAT! WE'RE  
GOIN' TO MEXICO!



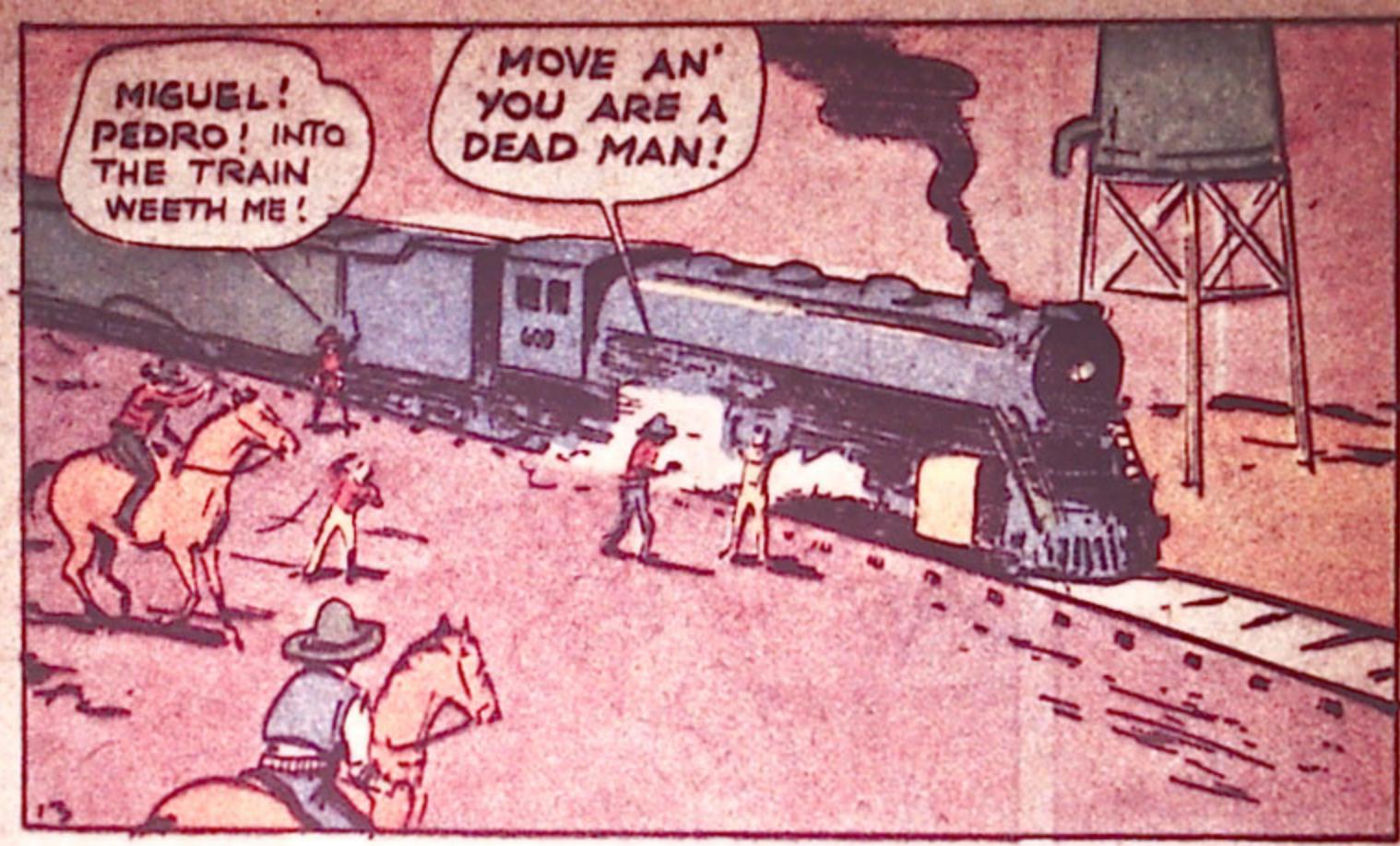
**MEXICO!**

LAND OF SUN-  
SHINE AND DARK  
EYED SEÑORITAS!

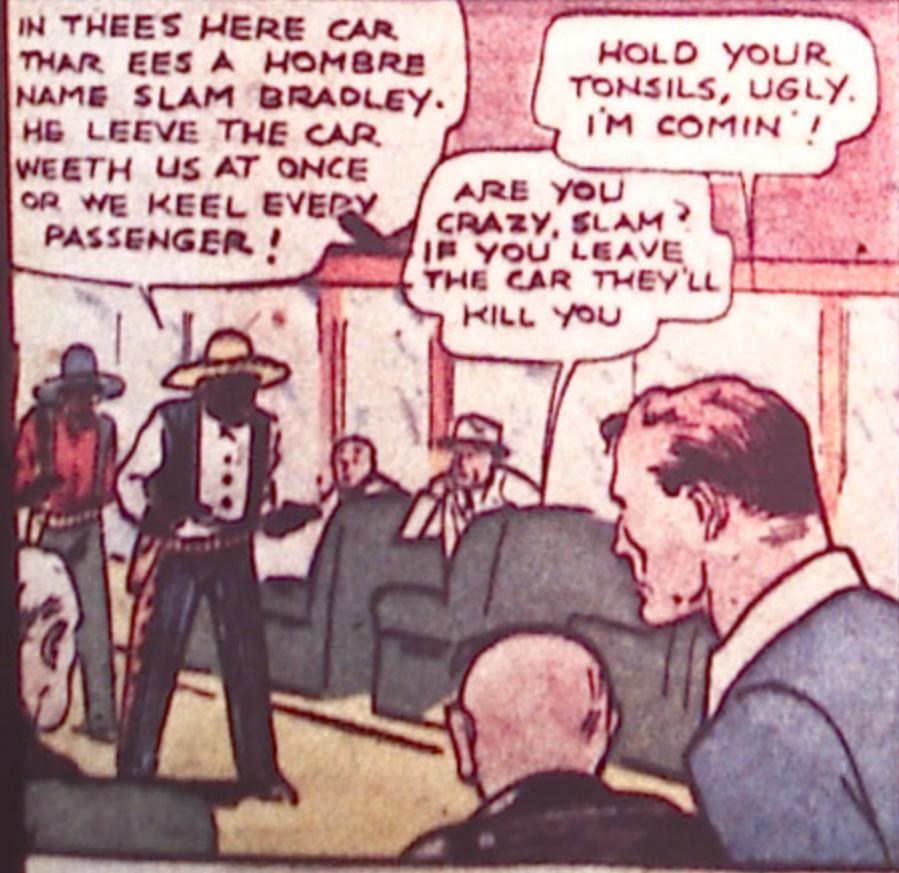
ABOARD A TRAIN  
CROSSING THE  
U.S. BORDER,  
SLAM AND SHORTY  
ARE ENgrossed  
IN COLORFUL DAY-  
DREAMS, UNAWARE  
THAT STARR DEATH  
STALKS BEHIND  
A CURVE IN THE  
TRACKS!



WHEN THE  
TRAIN  
STOPS AT A  
WATER -  
TOWER TO  
REPLENISH  
ITS SUPPLY  
OF  
WATER . . .



IN THEES HERE CAR  
THAR EES A HOMBRE  
NAME SLAM BRADLEY.  
HE LEEVE THE CAR  
WEETH US AT ONCE  
OR WE KEEL EVERY  
PASSENGER!



OUTSIDE THE CAR --

WHY DON'T YOU  
BEG FOR YOUR  
LIFE, GRINGO DOG?  
YOU ARE ABOUT  
TO DIE!

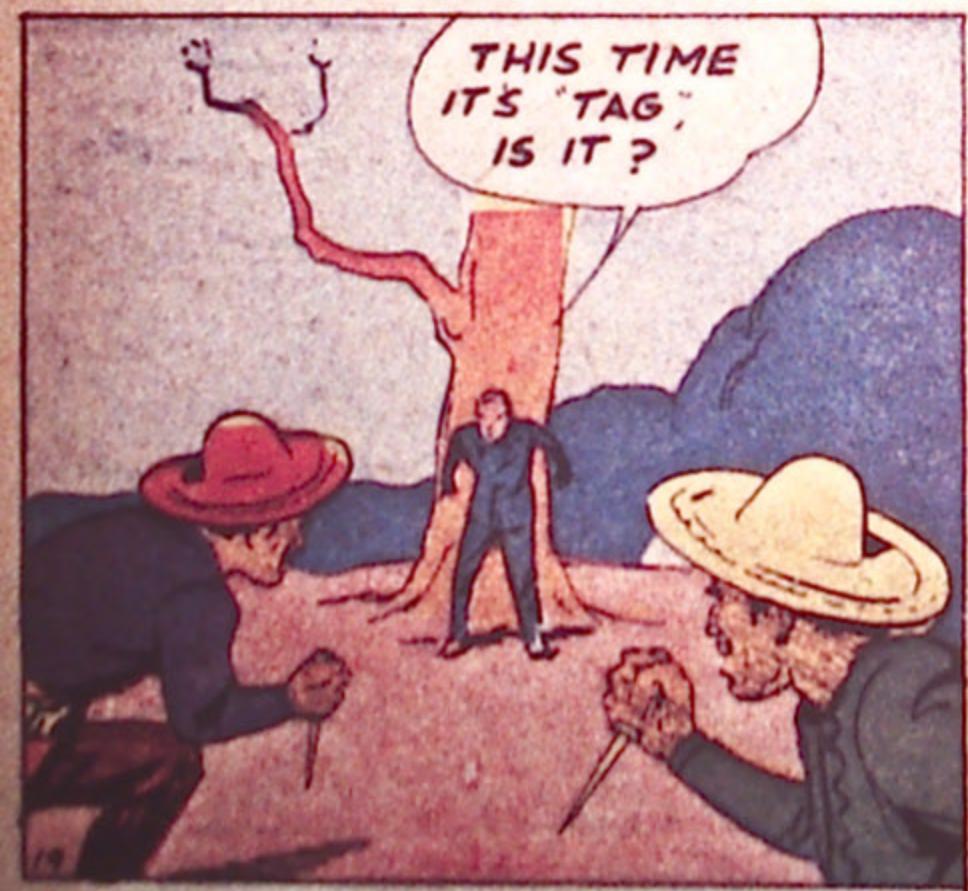
ONE SECOND!  
DID YOU EVER  
HEAR OF  
FOOTBALL?



THE NEXT  
INSTANT  
A LARIAT  
DESCENDS  
UPON  
BRADLEY,  
BUT WITH  
A SWIFT  
TUG, SLAM  
JERKS THE  
RIDER OFF  
HIS HORSE!



THIS TIME  
IT'S "TAG",  
IS IT?



WELL, YOU'RE  
"IT"!



NO. BUT I'M  
AFRAID I'VE HURT  
THE FEELINGS OF  
MY PLAYMATES!

SLAM!  
ARE YA  
HURT?



THE DEMORALIZED BANDITS REPORT  
BACK TO THEIR CHIEF

MADRE DIOS!  
BUT HE WAS  
A DEVIL, NOT  
A MAN!

COARD! BUNGLER!  
-- CARRAMBA! HAD I  
BUT BEEN THERE I  
WOULD HAVE TORN HIM  
APART WITH THESE  
TWO HANDS!



THE TRAIN  
CONTINUES  
ON ITS WAY  
AT ITS  
DESTINATION  
SLAM AND  
SHORTY ARE  
MET BY  
ROSITA  
CORTEZ



ALL I CAN TELL YOU  
IS THAT I HAVEN'T  
HEARD ONE WORD  
FROM FATHER  
SINCE HE WAS  
KIDNAPPED A  
WEEK AGO!

STILL, THE RECEP-  
TION WE GOT FROM  
THE BANDITS PROVES  
THAT THE KIDNAP-  
PERS ARE STILL  
ACTIVE.

LATER, WHILE SHORTY WANDERS ABOUT  
THE HACIENDA - - -

WELL, ILL BE A  
BLINKIN' HOOT-OWL  
IF THAT AINT ONE  
OF TH' BANDITS WHO  
TRIED TO POLISH  
OFF SLAM!



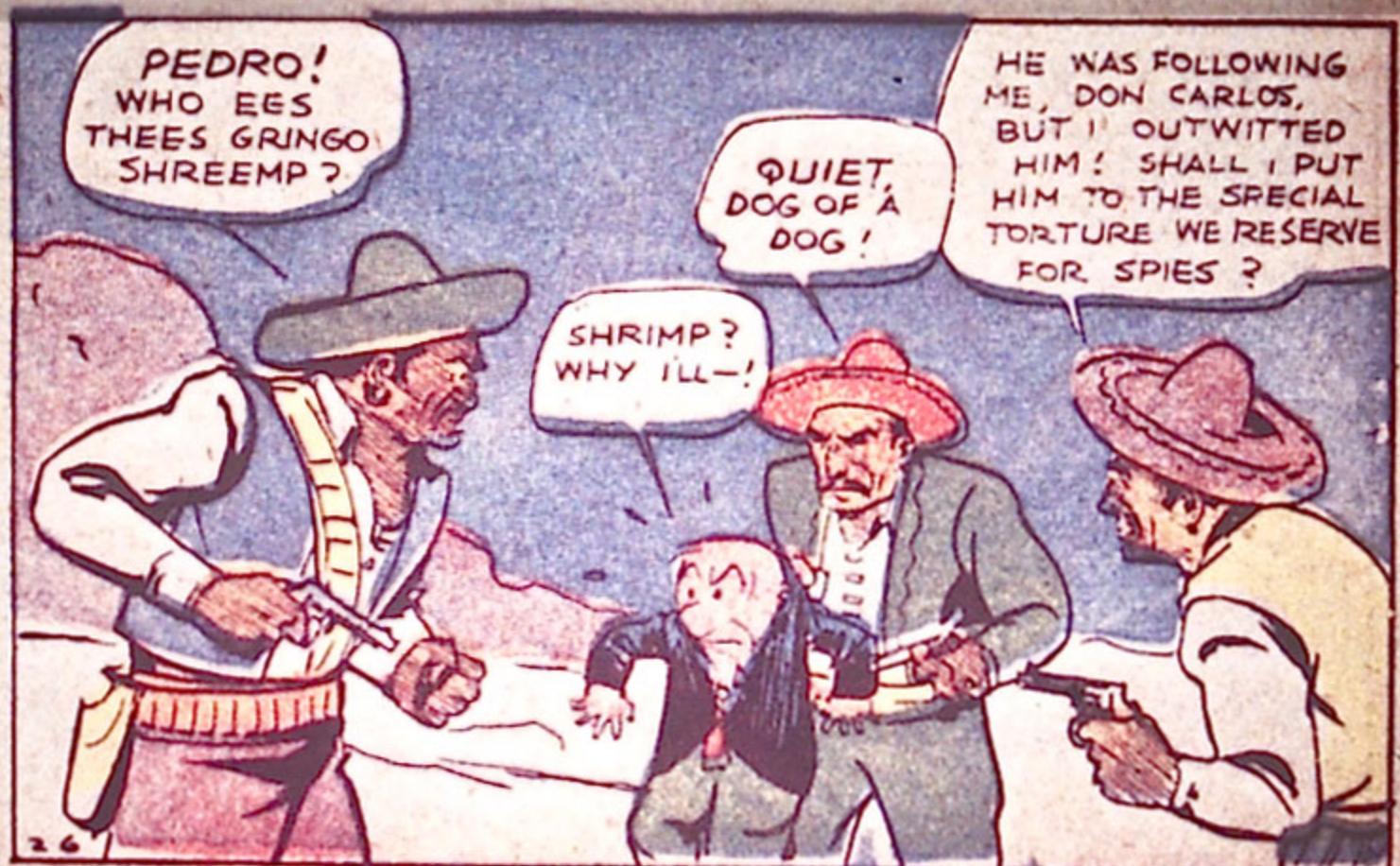
SCENTING A  
CLUE, SHORTY  
GLEEFULLY  
TRAILS HIS  
MAN UNTIL  
HE STUMBLES  
RIGHT INTO  
THE MIDST  
OF THE  
BANDITS'  
CAMP!

PEDRO!  
WHO EES  
THEES GRINGO  
SHREEMP?

QUIET,  
DOG OF A  
DOG!

HE WAS FOLLOWING  
ME, DON CARLOS,  
BUT I OUTWITTED  
HIM! SHALL I PUT  
HIM TO THE SPECIAL  
TORTURE WE RESERVE  
FOR SPIES?

SHREIMP?  
WHY ILL-!



JUST A MINUTE,  
FELLAS! NOW DON'T  
GET ME WRONG! I'M  
A FUGITIVE AMERICAN  
GANGSTER AN' I FOLLOWED  
PEDRO BECAUSE I  
WANTED T'JOIN  
YER MOB

WHEW,  
IS THAT  
FAST  
THINKIN'!

AN AMERICANO  
GANGSTER? HM-M!  
MAYBE WE COULD DO  
A LEETLE BUSINESS  
TOGETHER,  
NO?

MAYBE WE  
COULD YES!

BUT FIRST YOU  
MUST PASS THE  
TEST "GRINGO"  
BEFORE YOU  
CAN BECOME  
ONE OF US

"THE TEST"?  
WHAT D'YA  
MEAN?

IT EES OUR CUSTOM  
TO GEEVE A TRIAL TEST  
TO EACH WOULD-BE  
MEMBER. YOUR ASSIGNMENT  
IS TO KEEL A GRINGO NAMED  
SLAM BRADLEY! IF YOU  
FAIL, YOU DIE IN  
HEES PLACE!

AND THUS DOES IT HAPPEN THAT AS  
THE HOUR STRIKES TWELVE SHORTY'S  
PANTING FIGURE SCALES THE VINES  
TOWARD SLAM'S ROOM, WHILE EVERY  
MOVEMENT IS CLOSELY SCRUTINIZED BY  
THE SINISTER EYES OF DON CARLOS' BAND

CARRAMBA! --  
TH' SHREEMP!  
I DO NOT TRUST  
HEEM, DON CARLOS!  
SHALL I THROW  
TH' KNIFE?

NOT YET, PEDRO!  
WAIT! WHEN WE  
NO LONGER HAVE NEED  
OF TH' GRINGO THEN  
SHALL YOU HAYE  
HEEM?

AFTER THE BANDITS LEAVE THE ROOM AT HIS REQUEST, SHORTY PRESSES HIS EAR TO THE WALL AND OVERHEARS THEIR CONVERSATION

-- AN' IF THE GRINGO SHREEMP FAILS ?

THEN, PEDRO, YOU ARE TO KNIFE HEEM ON THE SPOT !

YA'VE GOT T' TELL ME TH' LOCATION OF YER MINE, MR. CORTEZ, AN' I TRUST THAT SLAM'LL GET US OUTA THIS MESS !

HE IS HERE TOO? IN THAT CASE I'LL TELL YO I KNOW SLAM WON'T FAIL US!

SLAM HAD TRAILED SHORTY BACK TO THE CAMP. BUT AS HE STEALS TOWARD THE SHACK IN WHICH CORTEZ IS KEPT PRISONER THE ENTIRE BODY OF BANDITS GALLOP OFF !

ENTERING THE SHACK, SLAM OVERCOMES THE LONE SENTRY !

THE BANDITS HAVE LEFT FOR MY SECRET MINE! IF WE DON'T HURRY YOUR FRIEND WILL BE KILLED!

THEN LET'S GET GOIN'!

AKES SLAN  
A FEW  
UTES  
REE  
TEZ.  
NG  
BLE,  
SET  
FOR  
SECRET  
NE!



IN THE SECRET MINE . . . THE  
DITS ELATEDLY EXAMINE THEIR  
LOOT . . .

VOILA!  
WE ARE  
REECH!

GOLD! GOLD!  
THEES EES THE  
GREATEST BONANZA  
IN ALL MEXICO!

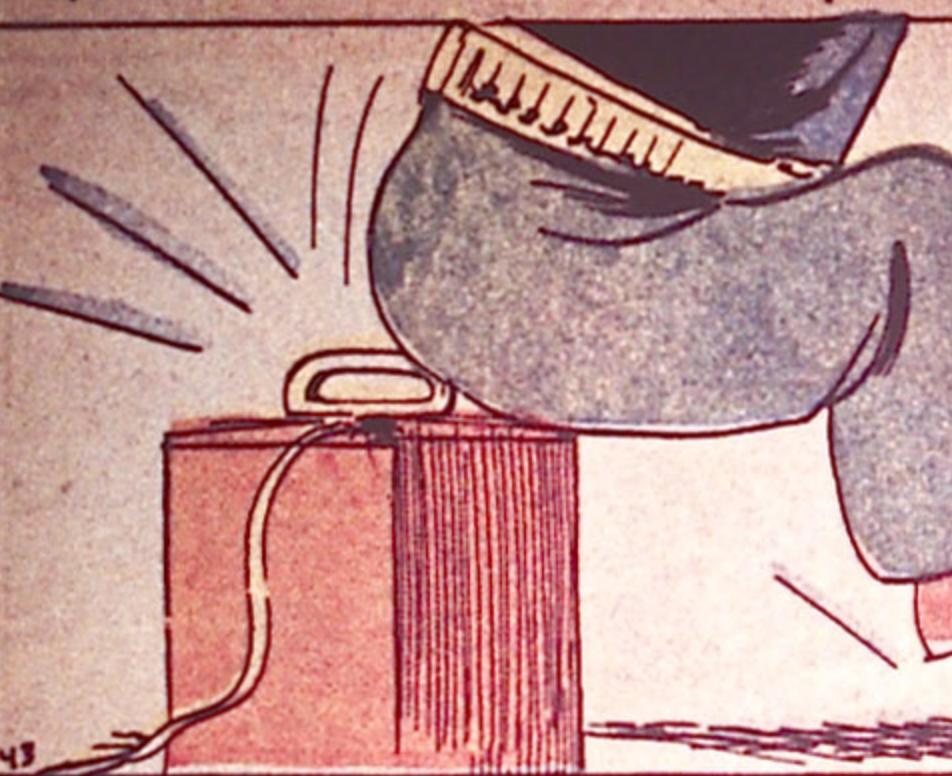
LEERING, DON CARLOS WHISPERS  
AN ORDER TO PEDRO. —  
INSTANTLY PEDRO LEAPS UPON  
SHORTY AND RAISES HIS BLADE  
FOR THE KILL!

KEEL THE  
GRINGO DOG!  
WE NO LONGER  
HAVE NEED  
OF HEEM!

AH, BUT I  
HAVE WAITED  
FOR THEES  
MOMENT!

COULDN'T  
YOU WAIT  
A LITTLE BIT  
LONGER?

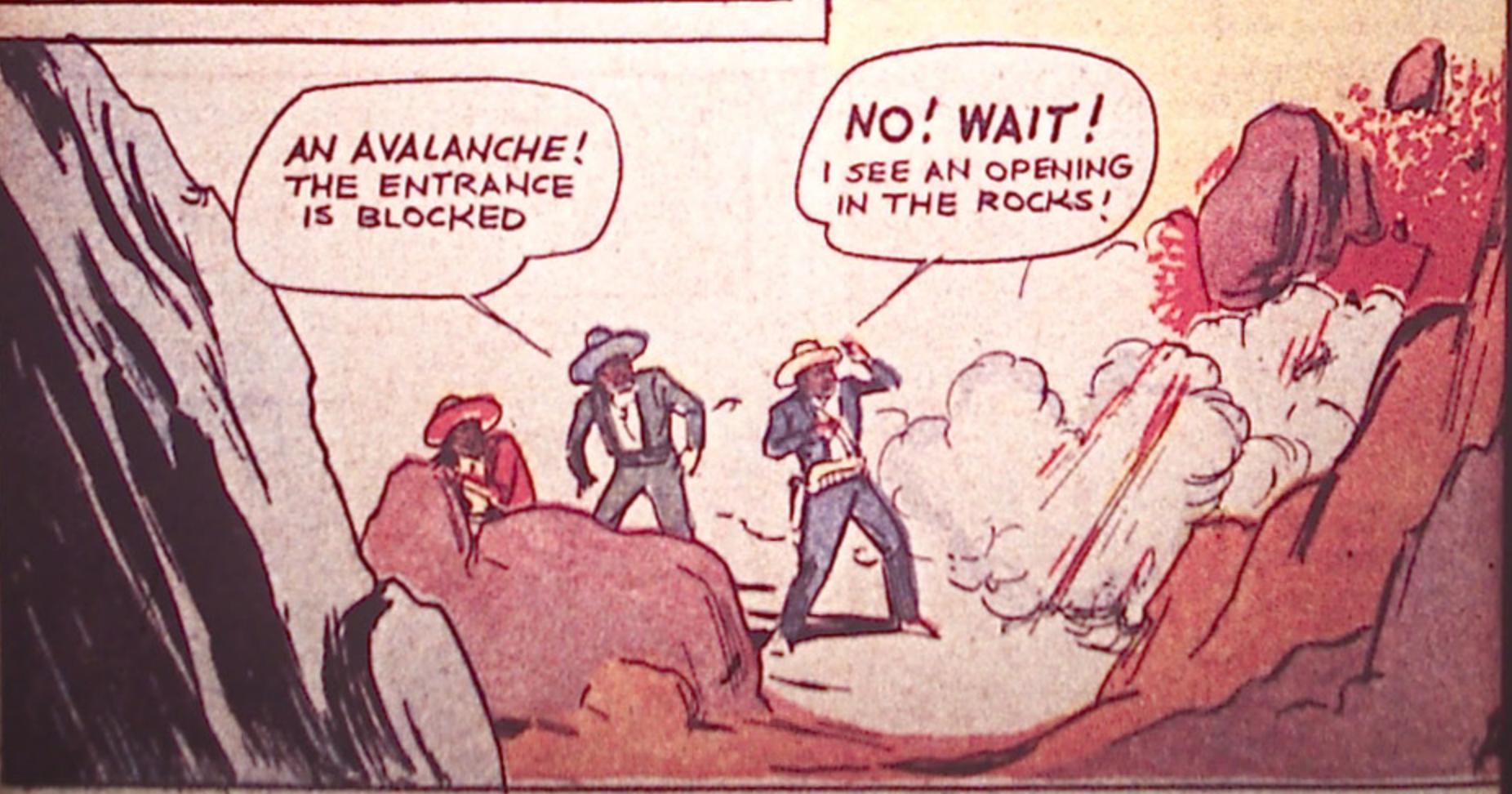
UNWITTINGLY, PEDRO FORCES SHORTY,  
DOWN AGAINST A DYNAMITE-SWITCH !  
RESULT : A SIT-DOWN STRIKE !



THE NEXT MOMENT THE AIR IS RE-  
BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ! HUGE  
BOULDERS CRASH DOWN UPON THE  
STUPEFIED BANDITS ! . . . AS  
CORTEZ HAD FORESEEN, THE UN-  
WANTED VANDALS ARE SEALED  
**WITHIN THE MINE !**

AN AVALANCHE !  
THE ENTRANCE  
IS BLOCKED

NO ! WAIT !  
I SEE AN OPENING  
IN THE ROCKS !



THERE IS AN  
OPENING IN THE  
ROCKS, BUT IT IS  
SO SMALL THAT  
ONLY SHORTY  
SUCCEEDS IN  
WRIGGLING  
THRU !

WHEN PEDRO  
ATTEMPTS  
TO FOLLOW  
HE FINDS  
HIMSELF FIRMLY  
STUCK WHEN  
ONLY HALF-WAY  
THRU !

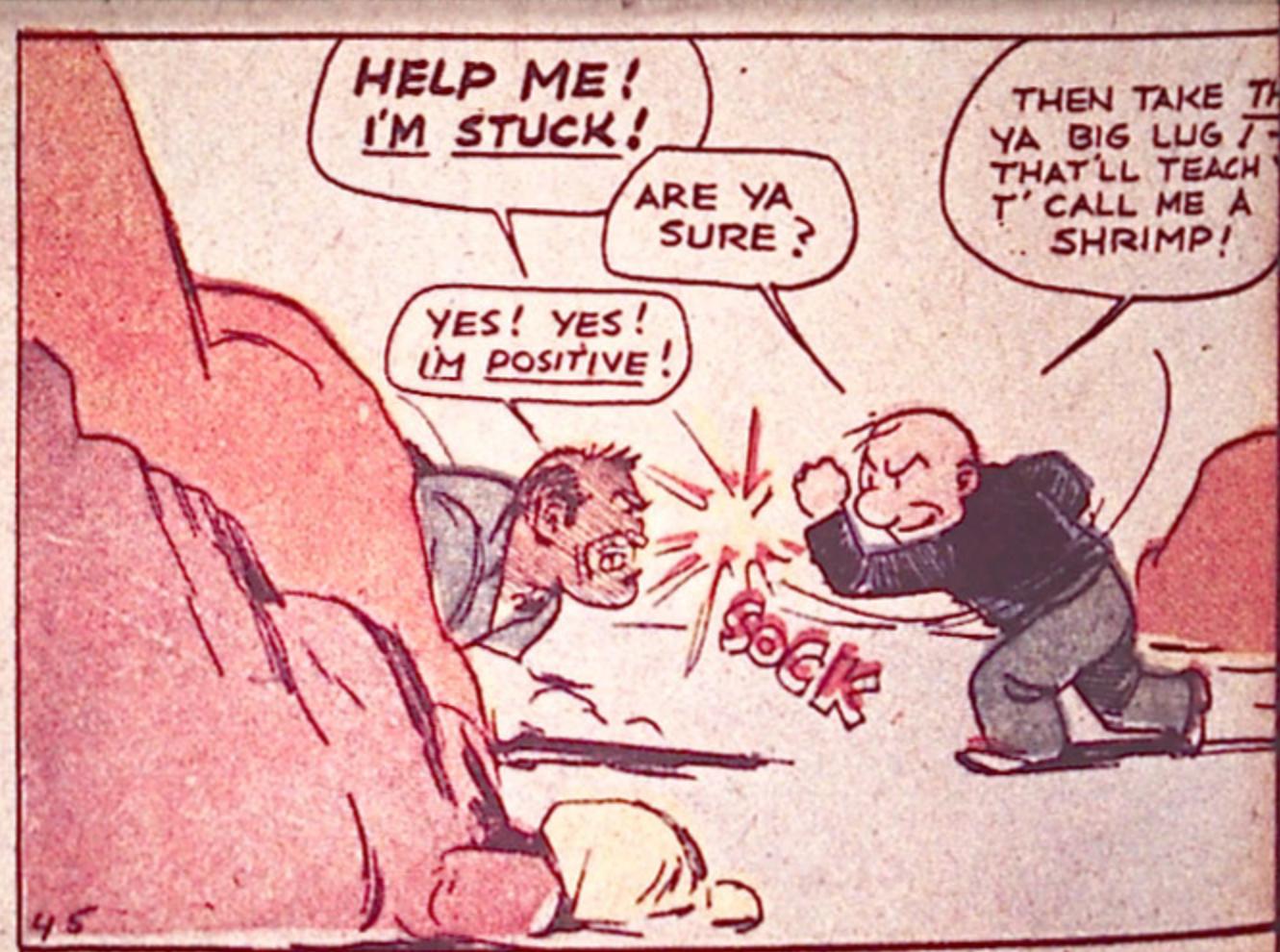
HELP ME !  
I'M STUCK !

YES ! YES !  
I'M POSITIVE !

ARE YA  
SURE ?

THEN TAKE THA  
YA BIG LUG ! -  
THAT'LL TEACH YA  
T' CALL ME A  
. . . SHRIMP !

SOCK



RO'S MUSTACHE IS NEXT TO BECOME  
TARGET OF SHORTY'S ONSLAUGHT!

HE LOVES ME!  
--HE LOVES  
ME NOT!--



SPURRED ON BY THE PAIN, PEDRO  
MANAGES TO SQUEEZE FREE -- AND  
ONCE MORE MENACES SHORTY!

SO! YOU THOUGHT  
YOU COULD OUTWIT  
PEDRO, EH? WELL,  
THEES TIME YOU  
WON'T ESCAPE!

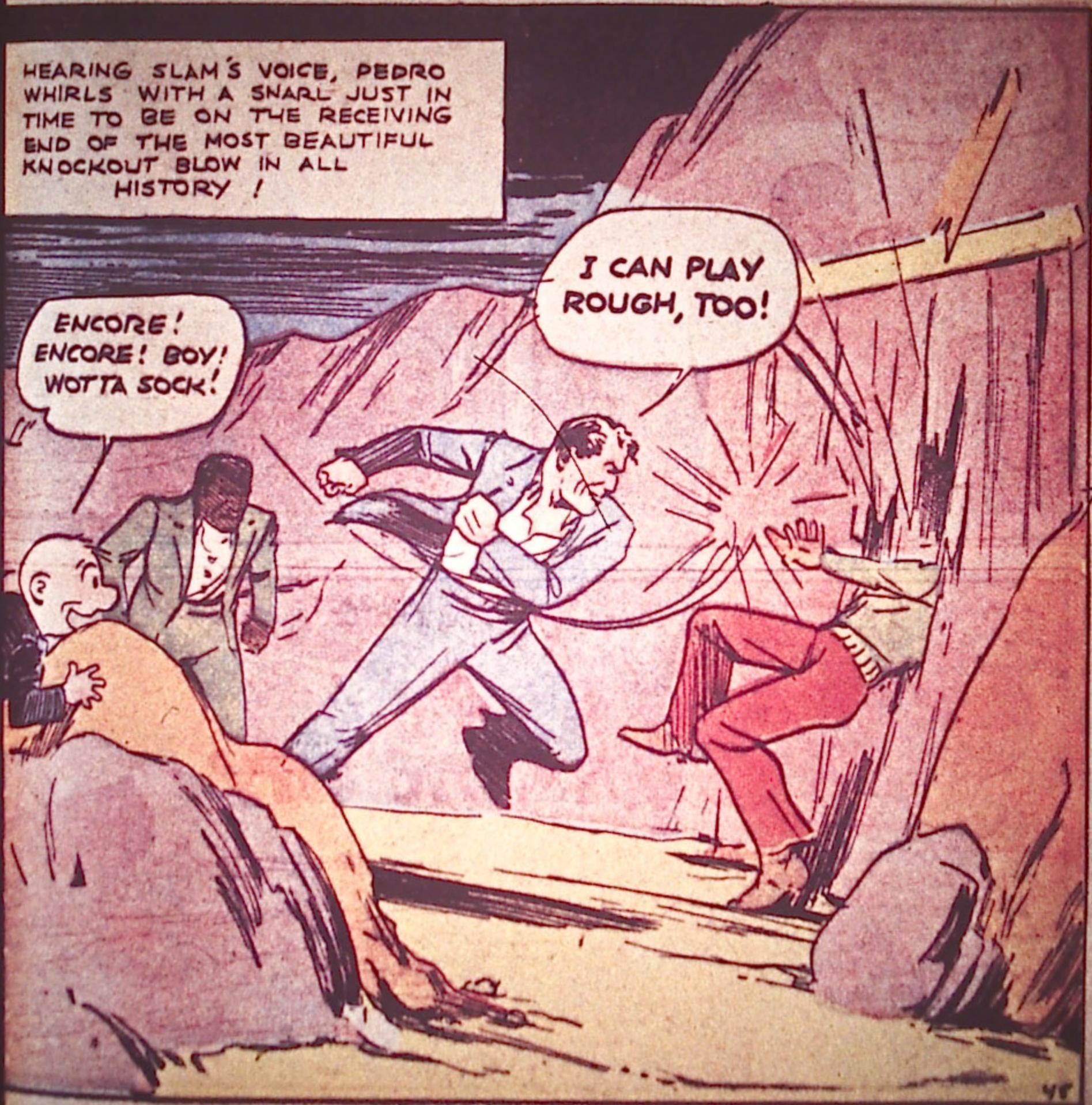
PREPARE FOR  
A BIG DIS-  
APPOINTMENT!



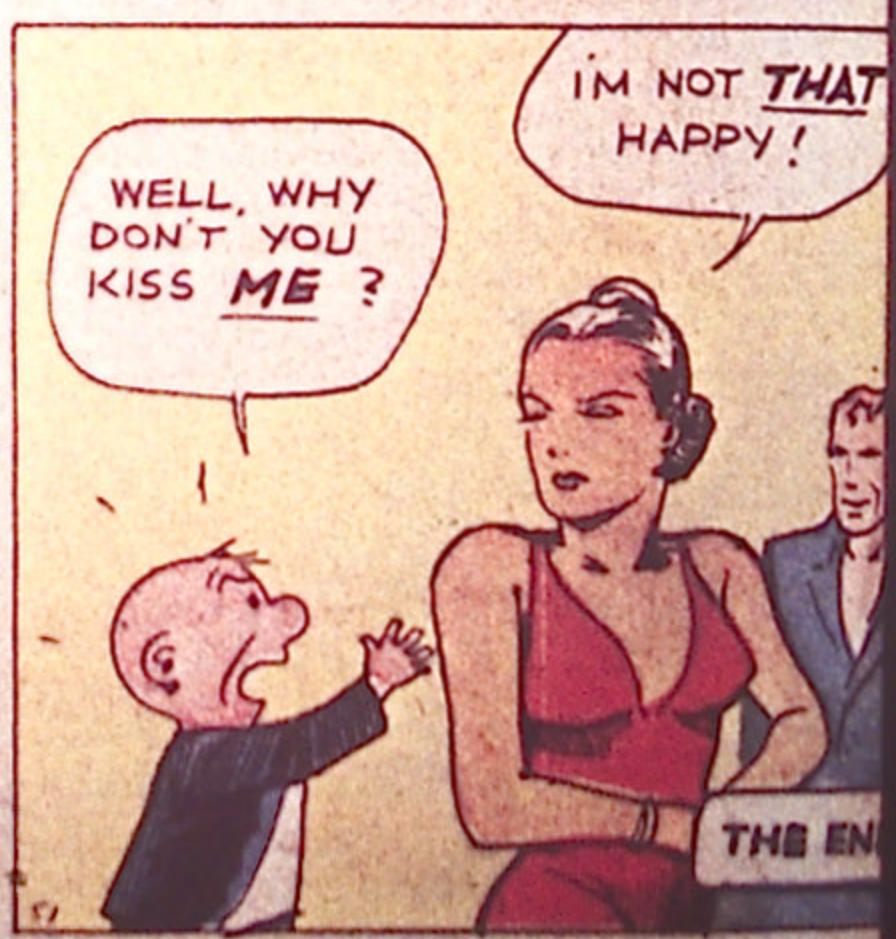
HEARING SLAM'S VOICE, PEDRO  
WHIRLS WITH A SNARL JUST IN  
TIME TO BE ON THE RECEIVING  
END OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
KNOCKOUT BLOW IN ALL  
HISTORY!

I CAN PLAY  
ROUGH, TOO!

ENCORE!  
ENCORE! BOY!  
WOTTA SOCK!



LATER...  
WHEN  
THE  
RURALES  
ARRIVE...



COMPLETE IN NEXT ISSUE :

# SLAM BRADLEY in ATLANTIC CITY

APPARENT DROWNINGS THAT ARE  
IN REALITY MURDERS -- SLAM AND SHORTY  
IMPERSONATING LIFE-GUARDS, HOT ON THE  
TRAIL OF THE UNKNOWN KILLER --  
THESE AND A GALAXY OF  
BEAUTIFUL GALS COMBINE  
TO MAKE THIS RELEASE  
THE BEST YET!



# a landslide!

## BETTER THAN EVER!

No. 18

AUGUST, 1937

NEW

# Adventure COMICS

10



## ALL NEW!

10¢  
AT ALL  
NEWS  
STANDS

## SWELEGANT IS THE WORD FOR IT!

